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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. BARNHORN, Editor.

BY THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY has been published for over thirty years. It is the oldest newspaper in the city, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, has been printed in the same building. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, with interesting reading-matter, local and general news, and a complete record of the city and county. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sold at the rate of five cents per copy, and is sent by mail for \$1.50 per annum in advance. It is also sent by mail for \$1.00 per annum in advance to subscribers who pay for it in advance. It is also sent by mail for \$1.00 per annum in advance to subscribers who pay for it in advance. It is also sent by mail for \$1.00 per annum in advance to subscribers who pay for it in advance.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROBERT WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 25, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Monday.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Tuesday.

PORT WATSON, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Wednesday.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY occupies the hall on Thursday.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Friday.

DAUGHTERS OF THE TRISTE, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Saturday.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Sunday.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Monday.

DAVID DIVISION, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Tuesday.

CLUB MASON, No. 1, Order of the B. O. E. F., occupies the hall on Wednesday.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the matter of junk and other licenses gave the members something to ponder on and talk about again. The board has been studying the license question for some time and in consequence is pretty well posted by now as to the rights and privileges of the holders of junk licenses.

The weekly and monthly pay rolls of the various departments were approved. Bids were opened for furnishing money to the city in anticipation of taxes and the Aqueduct National Bank of this city was the lowest bidder, receiving the contract. The bids were: City Trust Company of Boston, 3.25 per cent; Curtis & Sanger of Boston, 3.20; Bond & Goodwin of Boston, 3.22; Loring, Tallman & Tupper, 3.22; Blake Brothers, 3.14; Aqueduct National Bank, 3.12.

The applications for licenses took much time. The application of James Fratos, to run a eating house, and of Max David for a junk dealer, were referred to the mayor. It was emphasized that the license for a collector of junk is five dollars more than for the keeper of a junk shop, and that junk cannot be stored in a dwelling house. Two new junk licenses were finally granted. Two applications for licenses to hold a wrestling match were received. One was granted and the other was returned to the city clerk as no date was mentioned.

Major Gibbs' Funeral.

The body of the late Major Theodore K. Gibbs arrived in Newport last week from California where his death occurred. Funeral services were held at Trinity Church on Wednesday and were well attended, many of the representative business men of Newport being present, and also there were a number of the summer residents who came on from New York to attend the funeral. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of the church, officiated, being assisted by Rev. Dr. Huntington of Graco Church, New York, of which Major Gibbs was a member. Music was furnished by a choir from the Calvary Church of New York.

There was a wealth of floral tributes, testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held by persons in all walks of life. The interment was in the Island Cemetery. There were no bearers.

Mr. George Peck is able to be out after his recent illness.

Pygmalion and Galatea.

At the Opera House on Monday evening last there was presented an amateur performance of Miller's well known comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatea," the proceeds of which (some \$200) will be sent for the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquake.

The idea of the performance originated among the members forming our local Italian community, who were successful in securing the co-operation of Professor Thomas Crosby of Brown University, to assist them in carrying out their plans. The management of the affair was placed in the hands of Miss Ethel Byrnes Nowell, and under her able direction the entire performance turned out a brilliant success.

The Opera House was well filled and it was evident that the sympathizers for the earthquake sufferers were not confined to the people of any one nationality, creed or color. The audience was of the most cosmopolitan that it would be possible to gather together in Newport.

The stage setting of the play was admirably arranged. Pygmalion's studio being the scene during the entire performance. Of course upon the two characters, Pygmalion and Galatea, fell the largest and most arduous part of the work. Miss Maher, as Galatea, probably had the most difficult part for an amateur to perform that it would be possible to conceive, and that Miss Maher proved herself fully equal to the task is beyond question. In poses, facial expression, eloquent power and acting she surpassed the prophecies of her most staunch admirers and friends. In her scenes with Pygmalion, and in the final scene with Pygmalion, her acting and conception of the part were well nigh perfect.

Professor Crosby, as the Athenian sculptor, acted his part to the entire satisfaction of all present, many considering his performance the best he has ever given in Newport. The character of Pygmalion, however, is one which can be looked at from so many points of view that it is possible that some of Mr. Crosby's friends would prefer his work in some of his other parts. Professor Crosby's perfect elocutionary gifts were delightfully utilized the other evening and his quick transitions from the grave to the gay, from the dreamer to the real man, from the lover to the anti-hurt artist, showed him to be a student of rare talent in the art of modulation. His keen appreciation of the value of a single intonation clearly showed itself throughout his entire work. His best acting was in the last scene, just before Galatea resumes her original form as the marble statue.

Miss Lull as Cynthia, the wife of Pygmalion, had a difficult part to act, and from start to finish proved herself amply able to portray the difficult role to which she was allotted. Miss Lull not only made a charming Cynthia to look at, but acted the part with a spirit and brightness that at once took with her audience. "This is the first time Miss Lull has been seen as an actress, and it seems fair to prophesy that if she continues her histrionic career she will ere long be one of Newport's foremost amateur actresses.

Mr. Hayden who took the part of Daphne, the wife of Chryseus, had little opportunity to show her ability as an actress, her part being important more as connecting others than as a star character.

As Myrtus, a sister to Pygmalion, Miss Drury acted admirably. Her scenes with Galatea, when the latter recites the cruelty of Lendippi and tells her of his "victim," was most artistically and dramatically carried out.

Dr. A. F. Squire, as Chryseus, the art patron, made the hit of the evening. He was irresistibly funny from start to finish. His "get up" was perfect, and his by-play and acting throughout brought down storms of hearty and well deserved applause.

The part of Lendippi, as acted by Mr. Milne, carried out the author's idea of the character.

The two slaves, Agrestos and Mimos, were impersonated by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Webber who made all that could be made out of the parts.

The players and the entire management deserve high praise for the very competent and excellent way in which all the details of the performance were carried out. Dramatically, financially and artistically it was a great success. The young lady ushers, wearing the Italian colors, gave a festive appearance to the house.

Coal Mines Again.

That coal from the old mines at the north end of the island of Rhode Island will soon be put on the market again seems to be an assured fact. A new company has been formed, apparently with lots of ready money, for the purpose of exploiting the property, and powerful pumps are now at work in retreating the water that has accumulated since the abandonment of the last attempt to work the mine. If the new company can produce the coal and treat it so that it will burn, at a price that will make it commercially valuable, it will be a great thing to the entire island.

The Rhode Island Coal Company has recently been incorporated under the laws of Maine, capitalized at \$5,000,000, with the following officers: President—Henry M. Whitney, of Boston.

Vice President—James W. Bennett, of Providence.

Secretary—Richard Fay.

Treasurer—W. M. Cameron.

Directors—Nathaniel B. Wales, J. P. Gardner, Eugene S. Fox.

The company has purchased the old mine and is now engaged in pumping it out through the old shaft on the line of the railroad. In addition to this they have secured options on large tracts of property in the town of Portsmouth, and have purchased coal rights on other land, so that they are believed to have control of the entire vein of coal that penetrates the island. They have purchased three farms belonging to Henry C. Anthony, paying for options \$5,000, \$2,500 and \$1,500. They have also purchased options on property of Benjamin Hall.

The process by which the coal is to be treated, which has been tested experimentally and in a commercial basis for the past two years, differs from any other to which the coal has ever been subjected in former efforts to make it serviceable for power or heating.

This process is patented in this and foreign countries, and has been pronounced commercially practicable by Henry J. Williams of Boston, a Government coal expert. Its cost is four cents a ton, and the company expects to be able to sell coal at prices considerably lower than those charged for Pennsylvania anthracite.

It consists of a bath containing numerous chlorides and crude sodium nitrate in solution, and its result, according to the report of Mr. Williams, is to overcome the lack of volatile matter contained in the coal.

In its natural state the coal contains only about one-half the volatile matter of hard Pennsylvania anthracite, and about one-third that of free-burning anthracite. It also contains much graphite, a poor conductor of heat, so that a fire kindled at one end of a bed will not travel from one lump to another.

The new treatment, says the report, "causes the coal, under the influence of heat to continuously set free a large amount of combustible gas, mainly carbon oxide, which burns with a long flame, increasing in quantity the hotter the fire, and an burning circulates between the lumps, ordinarily non-conductors of heat, thereby favoring their rapid kindling and combustion."

In other words, Rhode Island coal, hitherto considered worthless as a fuel, is converted at slight expense into a free-burning fuel of distinct economic value.

St. Paul's Lodge.

There was a large attendance at the annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., on Monday evening, R. W. Reuben S. Smith, District Deputy Grand Master, presided at the election and installed the officers, being assisted by Charles A. Weldon acting as Grand Master of Ceremonies. The lodge presented a handsome Past Master's Jewel to the retiring Master, E. Benjamin May, Mr. Clark Burdick making the presentation speech.

The new officers of the lodge are as follows:

Worshipful Master—Clark Burdick. Senior Warden—Henry H. Lawton. Junior Warden—Charles L. Adams. Treasurer—William J. Cozzens. Secretary—Worshipful Thatcher T. Bowler. Trustee for three years—Worshipful J. W. Horton.

Relief Committee, for three years—Andrew K. McMahon.

Finance Committee for three years—Worshipful Thomas P. Peckham, John Rogers.

Senior Deacon—Dudley P. Bacheller. Junior Deacon—Harvey J. Lockrow. Senior Steward—J. Powell Cozzens. Junior Steward—Charles J. Greeting.

Recent Deaths.

George A. Weaver, Mr. George A. Weaver died at his home on Bull street Tuesday morning, after being confined to his bed for only a short time. He was taken ill in his store a couple of weeks before, and was removed to his home where he had since been under medical treatment. He was afflicted with heart trouble, and later pneumonia developed which the physicians saw would prove serious. Although he had the best of medical attendance he failed steadily until he passed away. His death had never been of the best, and during the past two years he had suffered more than formerly.

Mr. Weaver was one of the most prominent business men of the city, conducting a large store on Broadway for the sale of hardware, agricultural implements, paints, etc. He devoted all of his time to the conduct of his business and had built up a large establishment from almost nothing. He was progressive in his ideas and was continually adding different branches or departments to his already large establishment. He was prominent in a number of commercial organizations and took much interest in the city.

Mr. Weaver was a native Newporter, and his whole life had been spent here. He was born in this city on November 20, 1851, being a descendant of an old Newport family. His father was George Briggs Weaver, known and esteemed by every resident of the island town, and his uncle was John O. Weaver, for many years proprietor of the old Ocean House. For a time George A. Weaver lived in Middletown and did some farming, but afterward became associated with his father who did a successful business in selling agricultural implements to the farmers of the island. After his father's death he carried on the business alone, and at one time he branched out into different lines. He stocked up his store in Broadway with a large line of goods, and when the building and stock were completely destroyed by fire in 1892 he at once had plans drawn for a much larger structure. As soon as the building could be erected he filled it with a varied stock of goods such as he believed could be disposed of here, and had constantly added to it since then.

Mr. Weaver was one of the original stockholders of the Newport & Providence Railway and was a member of the first board of directors. He had never held public office other than as a member of the representative council, retaining his membership at the time of his death. He was active in the Citizens Business Association and the organizations which had preceded it, and was a member of the Masonic Club. He was an attendant at the Channing Memorial Church and was much interested in the work of the church and Sunday School.

He is survived by a widow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Patterson, and three children. Three sisters also survive—Mrs. George P. Lawton and Miss Susan Weaver of Newport, and Mrs. H. O. Case of Westfield, Mass.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Bull street on Friday afternoon and were attended by a large number of people, including many of the prominent business men of the city. Rev. William Ballard Jones, pastor of the Channing Memorial Church, officiated.

Charles W. Oxx.

Mr. Charles W. Oxx died very suddenly at his home on Marchant street last Saturday evening. Although he had not been in good health for some time he had continued at his duty as a night watchman at "The Breakers," and had just prepared to go to work Saturday evening when he fell to the floor and died within a few minutes.

Mr. Oxx was formerly a member of the police force and served for several years. He left the force in 1891 and soon afterward secured the position of watchman which he filled until his death. He was a member of Weenat Shantit Tribe of Red Men and of Malbone Lodge, No. 98, New England Order of Protection. He is survived by a widow and seven children.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethelby Converse, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. George A. Converse, to Mr. Huntington Wolcott Jackson of Washington.

The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will be held on the evening of Washington's Birthday at the Armory on Clark street.

The heating apparatus for the new Mumford school arrived in Newport this week and will be placed in position as soon as possible.

Mrs. Benjamin R. Curtis, who died in Wakefield, R. I., last week, was the mother of Mr. Sheldon H. Curtis of this city.

Mrs. E. G. Hawthorn has returned from New York and is at Haddon Hall for the balance of the winter.

Bobby Burns Night.

The one hundred and fifty-fifth birthday of the great Scotch poet, Robert Burns, was duly observed by the members of St. Andrew's Society by an entertainment and ball at Masonic Hall which was fully as brilliant and enjoyable as any of its predecessors. There was no attempt made to decorate the hall profusely but as soon as the dancing began it presented a beautiful and animated scene.

Rev. N. J. Sprout, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, gave a very interesting talk on the life and works of Robert Burns, which was followed with the closest attention.

The entertainment programme comprised selections by the Harry K. Howard orchestra, songs by Mrs. Mary Cutler Burrows and by Mr. Clarence H. Wilson and instrumental solos by Professor Foster. All the numbers were well received and enthusiastically applauded. The audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the floor was cleared for dancing to music by the Howard orchestra.

The committee of arrangements consisted of Duncan McLean, George Mackie, Philip Maynard, James Boyd, John Urquhart, Andrew B. Meikle, Alexander Melver, John Fincher, Colin Robertson, James J. Kyle, and Alexander Booth. Robert Fenne acted as master of ceremonies, and the others on the platform included William Lay, president of the society, Duncan McLean, the treasurer, Rev. N. J. Sprout, Hon. Robert B. Franklin and Mr. A. O'D. Taylor.

Wedding Bells.

Offord-Macdonald.

Mrs. Ella A. Macdonald and Mr. Elmer E. Offord were united in marriage at the residence of the bride on Marlboro street last Sunday evening. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only immediate relatives and friends being invited to be present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George V. Dickey, rector of St. George's church. The bride was attractively gowned in a travelling suit of dark blue. She was given away by her sister, Miss Frances Arnold Smith. Miss Anna R. French was the bridesmaid and Mr. Martin E. Brown was the best man. After a light collation had been served Mr. and Mrs. Offord left on the train for Providence on their way to New York for their wedding trip.

Mrs. Offord has been connected with the Mercury Office for more than ten years, resigning her position here a week before her marriage. The groom has been employed by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad for many years, and is now baggage-master between Newport and Boston. They will reside at 10 Marlboro street.

First M. E. Church.

The fourth quarterly conference of the First Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Tuesday evening, Rev. W. L. Ward, district superintendent, presiding. It was unanimously voted to request the re-appointment of Rev. Joseph Cooper as pastor for a third year. The following officers were elected:

Stewards—B. F. Thurston, Thomas D. Chapman, H. C. Bacheller, Frederick Weir, George H. Young, Charles H. Taber, Alfred W. Chase, Lewis J. Norton, Clarence Stanhope, John P. Peckham, Arnold H. James, John A. Young, William H. Arnold, Edwin C. Andrews, William Lottus, Marion B. Oliver, James Shumron.

Trustees—E. O. Riggs, Robert O. Bacheller, T. T. Plimton, J. W. Horton, John A. Hazard, T. Fred Knoll, R. B. Burlingame, John L. Peckham.

Recording Steward (Treasurer)—John P. Peckham.

District Steward—H. C. Bacheller.

There was considerable activity in Newport last Saturday afternoon when it was thought possible that the passengers of the wrecked steamer Republic might be landed in this city. Prominent officials of the White Star Line came to Newport and made arrangements for landing the passengers here and transferring them to a train. There was also a large influx of newspaper men and photographers, but no steamer came in.

Rev. Elmer B. Fether of Boston spoke at two gatherings in Newport on Tuesday. In the afternoon he addressed the ladies of the congregation of the Channing Church at the parsonage, and in the evening he was the principal speaker at the dinner of the Channing Club.

Rev. James Austin Richards will occupy a Providence pulpit next Sunday, exchanging with Rev. Mr. Krom of the Beneficent Baptist Church.

Middletown.

As the weather the past two Sundays has been so unfavorable, the Blackberry Meeting to have been held at the Berkeley Memorial chapel will not be given until February.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, held last week with Mrs. H. H. Childs at the Methodist Parsonage, was one of much interest. The subject for the year, "The Mission World," was taken up at this meeting under the lead of "The Spirit of Missions."

Two convolved words were exhibited from Lucknow and Bangalore, India from Methodist missionaries stationed there, also a long and interesting letter was read from Miss Anna Mudge, the missionary at the Ladies' High School, Lucknow. Each member of the Society is in correspondence with a missionary either at home or abroad so that the returns, in the way of papers, pictures, and letters, and especially interest at the monthly meetings of this organization.

The Bankers Dramatic Club held a well attended affair and dance at the Berkeley Parish House on Friday evening, about 70 being present. Sixteen tables at which were played and from 10 until 12 o'clock there was dancing. Miss E. C. Chase presided at the piano. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham entertained a number of relatives and friends on Saturday evening at their home on Wapping Road in honor of their third anniversary.

Announcement was made on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel of a letter received from Bishop Root of China, gratefully acknowledging the receipt of the offering sent him from the Memorial service held at the dedication of the tablet placed in the chapel, in his friend, the late Rev. Henry Morgan Jones. As Mr. Root is a missionary Bishop, this gift will be devoted to his work.

Interesting souvenir postals and letters have been received from Rev. J. W. Goodman from the Bermudas by members of his parish at Holy Cross Chapel and St. Mary's church.

Mr. Alfred Hazell of Green End Ave., and Mr. Benjamin Anthony of 34 Beach Road have been confined at their homes the past two weeks through illness, also Mr. Lorne Wyatt of Wynt Road.

The Witherses School has been largely infected with whooping cough which has been spreading throughout the entire district.

The ladies of Holy Cross Guild will give their monthly "dime supper" on Wednesday evening at the Guild House. These affairs have become very popular.

Mr. Irving A. Corey is again able to be out after a 10 days' illness.

Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, who has been spending the winter in Portsmouth, is visiting relatives in town.

A suet supper followed by a progressive whist will be given by the ladies of St. Columba's Guild on Thursday evening at the Berkeley Parish House.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker entertained the members of the Epworth League Wednesday evening at their home on Paradise avenue. The program, in charge of Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham, superintendent of the Social Dept., included "Progressive Puzzles" and music. The game was new and novel and proved very entertaining. Seven tables were played at in which the two couples finishing first moving to the next table. Partners were chosen by making divided pictures. The puzzles, which were all prepared by Mrs. Peckham, were very pleasing, and the evening was voted a decided success. The prizes were awarded Mr. Wm. Whitman, a book, and Miss Mary D. Smith, a bottle of perfume. Miss Sadie D. Peckham gave several piano selections followed by duets with Mrs. John H. Peckham.

Mr. Alden P. Barker is erecting a small barn at his summer cottage on Paradise avenue.

The continued open winter, while permitting farmers to accomplish much early plowing has been disastrous to the small ponders have been able to retain any depth of ice. There has been very little skating. The mild weather has permitted a large amount of melting of stone walls.

The Proposed Canal.

Mr. Edward Parrish of this city delivered an address before the Brown University Society of Civil Engineers to Providence Thursday evening. "In Rhode Island is the key to the manufacturing situation in New England, in which cheap freight for raw material is a chief factor," he said. He presented the general scheme of canal and protected channels from Boston to Florida, on which the Government is already at work in the Cape Hatteras section. He sketched the plans that have been made for four New England waterways.

Dr. William T. Bull has started for Savannah, Ga., for the benefit of his health. He was accompanied by Mrs. Bull and three physicians. His attendants do not hold out any encouragement as to his ultimate recovery in spite of the frequent reports that his condition was improving.

Mr. Nell B. Pelton is on his way back to this country from Denmark where he has been spending a few weeks.

Mrs. Almira H. Abell, widow of Mr. F. A. Abell, died recently at West Yarmouth, Mass.

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter 5

COULD hardly have supposed that there were as many people in the whole world put together as at Coney Island, and most of them were in pairs.

Like the animals on their way to the ark. They all seemed to be engaged to each other and delighted with each other's society, or else married and dreadfully tired of it. Or else they had dyspepsia. Or else they had brought too many of their children, for they had droves of very small ones, who bellowed louder than any English children I ever saw and tyrannized over their parents in the most unbridled way.

But Coney Island was fun, and I felt more than ever that I was dreaming—a long, long dream of sands and huge hotels and queer little booths.

For dinner we ate nothing but fish, of so many different kinds and some of them so strange, that I almost feared the dream might turn into a nightmare afterward. I found the clams rather like olives. You taste the first, but when you have had three you feel you would like three dozen, and they are not at all easy to forget.

We went down under the sea and were introduced to horrible monsters, mailed up and down on switchbacks.



Coney Island was fun.

which made Mrs. Ess Kay ill, but she nobly refused to desert me in such surroundings—a state of mind which made her chin look incredibly square. Eventually, after many adventures by the way, we arrived at the moon, and not only got into the middle of it, but made acquaintance with the inhabitants, none of whom appeared to be over two feet high or to have anything to speak of between their chins and their toes. After that experience, minstrel shows and concerts and persons who told your fortunes with snakes, or ate glass, were rather an anti-climax; still, I enjoyed them all so much that I was incapable of extreme annoyance when we discovered that the Evening Star had an "impressionist sketch" of me which made me look like an elderly murderess.

We got back to New York almost indecently late, but in the meaner parts through which we had to pass on the way to our gorgeousness the streets swarmed with poor creatures, pallid with heat, evidently preparing to camp out of doors till morning. It was a savage and interesting sight, but made me feel gaily when I recalled it afterward in my great cool bedroom, with my five different kinds of bath.

Next morning I was waked early to find more presents of flowers in huge sticks and to get ready for West Point. I was a little tired from yesterday, and the dry heat gave me rather the sensation of being a scientist's field mouse in a vacuum, so that I should have dreaded even a short journey if we hadn't been making it by water.

It was even better than I had been ordinary tourists on one of the big Hudson river boats I had heard about, for we were to travel luxuriously in a little steam yacht of Potter's, which he calls the Poached Egg because it can't be beaten. It is not a vulgar yacht, as one might have thought from the name, but a dainty thing that ought to have been the Butterfy, Ye White Lady or something of that sort. When I said so, Mr. Parker insisted that he would at once rechristen her Lady Betty, which would have a prettier meaning than anything else, and then I was sorry I'd spoken.

I had expected to be disappointed in the river, because nearly everybody I met on board ship tried to impress upon me that we had nothing but so good in England, while as for the Rhine, it wasn't a patch on the Hudson. I even wanted to be disappointed, out of patriotism or spite, which are much the same thing sometimes, but I couldn't. I found the Hudson too grand for petty jealousy. It seemed to me like a great, noble poem, rolling on and on in splendid cadences, and I have heard some music of Wagner's that it reminded me of somehow.

The hills or mountains—I'm not sure which to call them—even the Palisades which have been so dimmed into my ears, were not high enough to satisfy me at a first glance, but soon I saw that it was their grouping and their

perfect proportion in relation to each other which made them so exquisite. As we steamed on along the green and golden shore in admiration I began to love the Hudson so much that I could have shrieked with rage at the great stalling advertisements on boardings. What can the scenery have done to Americans that they should do their best to spoil it? No wonder most of them come over to see ours, which we have the sense to let alone even if it crumbles.

Sally and Mr. Parker laughed at my fury, but I didn't see how they could take it so calmly. "It isn't my scenery, so I don't trouble myself," said Potter when I asked why he didn't get up a secret night expedition to burn or chop down all the boardings. But I'm sure English people aren't careless like that. Each person thinks the good of the whole country is his business—at least one would suppose so by the way everybody who comes to Bathehead talks politics and affairs of public interest morning, noon and night. It seems, though, in America only politicians and people who live in Washington care about politics really except to get benefits for themselves, and it isn't good for us to be too much interested in such things.

Victoria would like this rule, for she has confessed to me that political questions bore her, and she would much rather be talked to about love or motoring or even bridge, but she always reads the newspapers hard for fifteen minutes while Thompson does her hair, if she's going out to a big lunch or dinner, so that she will be up to everything and able to talk brilliantly to members of parliament or study old things in the house of lords.

I calmed down somewhat after I'd recovered from the first shock. There was so much to admire that it seemed a shame to fret. Besides, it was soothing to sit on the yacht's deck under a pale green awning, drinking what I call a lemon squash and Potter and Sally obstinately bellowed to be lemouade. While Mrs. Ess Kay angrily read nasty paragraphs about herself and hilariously about her friends in a regular highwayman of a paper, Smart Sayings, Sally Woodburn told me charming legends of the Hudson, dear old Dutch things, most of them, which had been made into plays and poems, and I was sorry when we came to West Point at last.

But I wasn't sorry for long. The minute we got on shore at a quaint little landing shrouded inconspicuously in among beautiful wooded hills, the most exquisite segs of ferns and trees and sweet, moist earth came hurrying down to welcome us. Elton is not more beautiful than West Point, and as we drove up the hill under an arbor of trees I saw that the buildings cleverly contrived to look old and gray and picturesque, like castles. The chus in a big green square past the top of the hill had a venerable air, too, so they must have been prehistoric about growing, for it doesn't stand to reason that West Point can be as ancient as Oxford or Elton. But anyway the chus were there, making an effect that England couldn't improve on, and there were some gray stone barracks and a long line of officers' quarters built of wood and brick. I was glad that we were to stop with Potter, instead of going to a hotel, for I did want to see thoroughly what garrison life is like. Potter has only half a house, though I suppose he's rich enough to buy up all West Point if it were for sale, but he had got a chunk of his who lives in the other half to clear out of his part and give it to us for the day and night.

He has been to Aldershot, and even to Malta and this. But I never have, and I never saw any officers' quarters at home, so I don't know how they compare with American ones. Potter's and his friends are exactly like a doll's house turned into a museum. The rooms are tiny and most of the furniture is made to fold up, but Stan would be green with envy if he could



It was even better than I had been ordinary tourists.

see their Persian rugs and their silver things and their dozens of nice, rich and their curiosities from all over the world.

I asked Potter what he would do when he was ordered away.

"That depends on where I'm ordered," said he. "If I don't like the place, I'll resign and be a mere cit. It would be easy to get back again

and the army if there were any fun going."

"What kind of fun?" I wanted to know.

"A war with somebody, of course," said he. Men have the most extraordinary ideas of fun. But they seem to be like about that in England and America. They are never so happy as when they are killing something or in danger of being killed themselves. I can't imagine how it would feel to be like that, but I know if they were different we should hate them. And Potter looked so nice in his soldier clothes (which he got into while we were making ourselves pretty for lunch) that I couldn't help thinking it would be a pity for him to leave the army.

His friend was invited to lunch with us, to make up for sacrificing his house. He is older than Potter or even Mr. Dorems, but not half so handsome or brave looking, or with such a charming voice as poor Jhu Brett, who is not, I suppose, a gentleman except by nature; otherwise he couldn't have been in the steeple.

I thought it was silly to have no nettles in all the doors and windows, just to keep away a few innocent midges, until we sat out after lunch. There is a pleasant balcony with an upstairs and a downstairs, which Potter and Captain Collingwood call the "plaza," and it would have been delightful sitting there while the men smoked if appalling little animals with a ridiculous number of legs, stick out legs hadn't come buzzing around us. They were funny looking things, got up in loud suits of black and gray stripes, not in the least like our quiet, respectable midges at home, and they weren't even honorable enough to wait until sunset before attacking you. They pricked horribly, like pins your maid has stuck in the wrong places, and they had a horrid penchant for your ankles. I was sorry I had on clocked stockings! And I apologized heartily to Potter for poking fun at his wife's nettles.

Though it was so hot, the air was delicious. It smelt of new mown grass and lilacs, with a sharp little spiky tang of the thick Virginia creepers, which made a shadowy green room of the "plaza." Birds were simply roaring with joy in the trees that overhung the house, and Potter and I almost quarreled because he would insist that some huge creatures hopping about on the grass were robins. They would have made three of ones and were much more like quails that had spilt strawberry juice on their breasts.

By and by Captain Collingwood asked if "Lady Betty didn't want to go and see things." "She's booked to me for Filtration Walk," said Potter, before I could answer. "There's a crowd there, old chap." On which I regret to state Captain Collingwood suggested that Potter should teach his own grandmother something about nourishing herself with an egg diet.

"Anyhow, I suppose you don't object to a rearrangement for inspection of camp and other features of public interest," he went on, and after some hesitation Potter decided that this would be admissible.

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally both wanted to go down (it's strange the fondest American women have for putting themselves in a horizontal position in the daylight), so Mrs. Ess Kay said that she would commission her brother as chaplain; I needn't be anxious, she assured me, it was quite common if faint. As if I would have worried about a thing like that!

I was delighted to go, because the most interesting groups had been passing by the house, and it was difficult to see all you wanted to through the veil of creepers, without continually crawling your neck. Tall, brown faced boys, got up much like glorified butchers, were snatching about, holding sunshades over the heads of girls so young that they would have been in short frocks with their hair down their backs. In England. The girls were in white muslin or pale colors, with charming, floppy Leghorn hats trimmed with flowers, and they looked like the dullest, prettiest of French dolls. But I was a great deal more interested in the youths, who were the cadets—first classmen, Potter said, and would be second lieutenants next year.

I never could take much interest in Elton boys, the few I have seen, for they look such children that one would be positively ashamed to bother with them, but the West Point cadets (though one couldn't exactly take them seriously like regularly grown men, perhaps fascinated me from the very first glance through Potter's Virginia creeper. They looked as if they thought a lot of themselves, and the girls they were with had the air of encouraging them to think it. I wondered what kind of things they said to girls and secretly longed to find out.

It seems that in summer the cadets leave their barracks and go into camp, which is a bunch of year that the girls who visit West Point and those whose fathers are stationed there like very much. We had a glimpse of the tents from the long street of the officers' quarters, and after we had visited a few technical things in which I was too polite to show that I was hardly interested we strolled over to where we could see the little white pyramids gleaming under the stars and stripes.

I had been afraid that all the cadets would have gone away to Filtration Walk with girls, but to my joy there were plenty left in camp. On chairs under the trees near by two or three ladies were sitting with some white butterfly girls, and a crowd of cadets were talking to them.

"There's a great pal of mine, Mrs. Laurence," said Captain Collingwood. "She would love to know you, Lady Betty. Do you mind if I introduce you to each other?"

"See here, that means we shall be hitched up with all that lot of cadets," Potter objected quite crossly. "What's the good of wasting time?" I hurried to say that I shouldn't consider it a waste of time, that I should be delighted to meet Mrs. Laurence and also a few sample cadets, if any could be provided for the consumption of an inquiring British tourist.

Captain Collingwood thought that one or two might be found who would not object to the sacrifice, and five

minutes later I was having more fun than I had ever had before in my life.

Mrs. Laurence was sweet and so tactful. She scarcely talked to me at all, except to ask me how I liked America and a few of the things people are obliged to get off their minds when they meet a foreigner, and then she introduced five cadets.

I was terrified for a minute, because until I left home my whole (youthful) male experience consisted of one brother, three cousins and two cousins, dealt with separately and with long, sleepy intervals between. I began to wonder how I could possibly manage five tall youths at once and to rack my brains for the right kind of conversation. But before I should have had time to say "hello" to a cadet I found myself chatting away with those cadets as if I had grown up with them. I never once stopped to think what I should say next, and neither did they.

Some girls were introduced to me, too, but luckily they didn't seem to expect me to talk to them much, so I didn't. More and more cadets kept coming over from camp and joining our group and being introduced in agreeable droves until I gave up even trying to remember their names.

There was one, though, in the first batch of five whose name was easy to get hold of and keep in mind because it was Smith. Besides, he was the best looking of all, which made classifying him a real pleasure.

The girls who spoke to Mr. Smith called him "captain," perhaps jokingly, and I asked how he could be a captain and yet a cadet unless it meant cricket. Then he explained that the cadets had all the different grades of officers, from adjutant and captain down to sergeant, and wanted



It was difficult to see all you wanted to through the veil of creepers.

to know if there were any other questions I would care to ask. I said that there were lots, but I wasn't sure if I might.

"I give you a permit," said he in a military way.

So I began with the buttons. "I should like to know why you have so many—all those rows on your jacket. And it's only the middle row you seem to use for anything."

"We use the others to give away to girls to remember us by," answered my cadet. "It's forbidden, but that's a detail. Or rather it's why the girls like to have them."

I stared. "None of yours are missing,"

"Most of 'em are pinned on at present. It's that way with all of us. Our plebs sew 'em on for us at night and use the door for a thumb."

"Oh, what are plebs, if you please? Are you allowed cadets?"

"I guess they call 'em fags in your country. There are a lot of them lying around. Shall I have some caught and dragged here? They might squirm a bit, as they aren't used to ladies' society, but—"

I hastily protested against such a cruel exhibition and went on with my questions. I asked what they did in winter and how long they had to be cadets and whether they were in a hurry to be officers.

"Not as long as the girls can put up with us as we are," said my cadet. "Some of them even pretend they like us better."

"I can quite understand that," I exclaimed. And then they all laughed, and some of them applauded.

"The really important question is," said Captain or Mr. Smith, "whether you are going to be an officers' or a cadets' lady."

I didn't an idea what he meant, but I remembered Vic's saying that in the lower middle classes they sometimes call a man's wife his "lady." Perhaps, I thought, the expression had been brought over to the nearest people in America in the Mayflower, which they all talk so much about, for certainly some of the people in her must have been cooks or in the steerage; there are too many descendants for the first class passengers alone. After considering for a minute I said in rather an embarrassed way that I wasn't "quite sure yet whether I would be either."

"You must be one or the other, you know, or you'll be like the bat in the fable who was neither bird nor beast, and so was out of all the fun on both sides. I may be prejudiced, but I advise you to be a cadets' lady. And you'd better decide now on account of tonight."

"Tonight?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Yes, on account of making out your card. Say, Lady Betty, if you are going in with us, can I make out your card?"

Then arose a clamor. It appeared that they all wanted to make out the card—whatever it was. I asked if I couldn't have one from each, but it appeared that you couldn't do that. My cadet had spoken first, so he said that he would do it, but the others could give me hell letters and chevron and decorate fans for me instead.

"Do you like pots, Lady Betty?" inquired a perfect pet of a cadet, who looked like a cherub in uniform. "Hops?" I wondered why he should ask me such an irrelevant question, but I answered as intelligently as I could,

"I don't know much about them. I think they're graceful, but I don't like the smell."

He looked petrified. "The smell?"

"Yes, it makes one sleepy."

"I guess we won't give you much chance to be sleepy tonight," said he, "at our hop."

Then I understood. But what a funny thing to call a ball—a "hop!" They explained, too, when they saw how stupid I was, that you were an "officers' lady" if you danced with them and walked with them and dined with them and didn't bother with cadets, or vice versa. Then I decided at once that I would be a cadets' lady, though I was sorry I had only one night to be it. They were sorry, too, and showed their sorrow in so many nice ways that I enjoyed myself immensely and quite saw how nice it must feel to be out if you are a success. They wanted to drag lots for which cadet should take me to Filtration Walk, but I said I had to go with Mr. Parker.

He must have been listening from a distance, though he ought to have been talking with a pretty girl who had no hat, for he came up to me at once and announced that it was time to go now. He rather put on airs of having a right to tell me what I must do, and I didn't like it much, especially before these dear cadets, but it would have been childish to make a fuss. Besides, I was his guest.

I went like a disgraced lamb sniffling on its way to the slaughter; but, thank goodness, I was engaged already for nearly all the dances, and most of them had to be split in two, there were so many cadets for them. (I think, by the by, I shall try to get Stan to take me to Southbury some day to see if it is at all like West Point and whether they have hops.)

Potter made fun of the cadets and called them "white wash" and "little things that got in the way." But when I asked a straight question he had to confess that he had been one himself only six years ago. "I was twenty-two when I graduated," he said. "One of the youngest men in my class." Which was the same as telling me that he is twenty-eight now. Ten years older than I am! It makes him seem quite old.

Somehow, although he is so nice to me in most ways, he tries me up to feel antagonistic, as though I wanted to contradict him and not like things that he likes, and I believe it is the same with him about me, for I make his eyes look angry very often. I felt he was disappointed because I admitted the cadets so much and had promised so many dances, and I was in a mood to tease him. But I fancy he isn't the kind who would take teasing well, and the scenery he was showing me was so beautiful that presently I resolved to be good.

We saw Koschny's monument, and I would insist upon his telling me things about Koschny himself, though Potter didn't seem to think him important. And then we began winding our way along a most exquisite path overhanging the river, always shadowed by trees. Sometimes it was cut through a green arbor, with a light like liquid emeralds. Sometimes it ran high on the rocks. Sometimes it dipped down close to the water, but invariably there was just enough room for two, and no more, to walk side by side.

We met several couples—cadets and girls, young officers and girls—sunning or sitting down close together in out of the way places. But by and by we seemed to have passed beyond the inhabited zone. Then Potter asked me if I were not tired from so much walking and if I wouldn't like to rest. I said no, and he promptly pretended to be done up, which I thought very silly. But of course I had to sit down by him on a rock with a green moss velvet cushion.

"This is what I've been longing for all day," said he.

I hadn't, and I was thinking about the cadets. But I agreed that it was beautiful.

"Yes, it is," he answered, looking at me. "I never saw anything so pretty. Say, Lady Betty, you're an awful dilet."

I did open my eyes at that. "A dilet?" I exclaimed. "I never had a chance to try being it."

"I guess you are born knowing. I've been miserable all the afternoon. Couldn't you see my agony?"

"I didn't notice," said I.

"Ah, that's the trouble. You weren't thinking of me. Of course, I oughtn't to have cared for those little boys' (some of them were inches taller than he), but I couldn't help it. I kept saying inside, 'This is a foretaste of what I've got to suffer when she's staying with Katherine at the Moorings.' I don't know when I've been so unpopular with myself. I don't see how I'm going to get along unless you'll be nice to me, right now."

"I am nice to you," I said. "As nice as I know how to be."

"I could teach you to be a lot nicer. Say, Lady Betty, let me, won't you?"

His eyes, though they are such a pale blue, had that silly, melting look in them that my cousin Loveland's have when he talks to me. "Let you do what?" I asked almost snappishly for a person sitting in such a lovely place.

"Teach you to like me. I fell all over myself in love with you the first minute I saw you."

"Day before yesterday!" I exclaimed. "What nonsense. You're poking fun at me. I don't believe in love at first sight—at least I don't think I do. Anyhow, nobody could fall in love with me in that way."

"Couldn't they, though? That's all you know about it, then. All Americans will fall in love with you like that, and it's just what I want to guard against. I want you to be engaged to me before you go to Newport. Then I shall feel kind of safe."

"Dear me, are you really proposing, and it isn't in joke?" I asked. "I do wish you wouldn't."

"Would I propose to Lady Betty Dinkley in joke?" he repeated.

"The idea of proposing to any girl when you're only seven or there times!"

"What did I tell you about my friend?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward when facing trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unreasonably, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is evidenced by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance, it has a milky white if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. J. H. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation. We are so absolute in our confidence of the curative powers of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, London, N. Y.

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LADY WHITTY ACROSS THE WATER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"Yes, very slowly. I think I've shown a great deal of patience. After all, I'm a woman, and I mean to be quite but if a fellow doesn't propose somewhere along in the first day or two, they think he can't appreciate their real worth and that he deserves what he gets if some other chap walks away with them. Now, I'm not going to sit still on my perch and see anything else walking off with you."

"I couldn't help laughing. 'I'll call for help if I think there's no danger,' said I, 'but I can't promise more than that. I didn't come over to America to pick up a husband.'"

"I looked at me rather queerly when I said that, almost as if he thought I had come for that express purpose and was trying to conceal it. But of course he couldn't be so foolish as to suppose such a thing really, and I must have imagined the strange expression. If he only knew I came away so that another girl might be sure to get a husband, and I'm not going to go back until he has been got."

"They're just growing around on blackberry bushes and in strawberry patches for you to pick and choose," said Walter. "And that's what worries me. I'm a wholly jealous fellow. I've got two months' leave so as to be with you at Newport, and I tell you I shall see a bright, beautiful creation if too many dukes come trooping around the shanty. Say, won't you just play we're engaged anyhow and see how you like it?"

"But now I was really cross and wouldn't hear a word more of such nonsense, so I jumped up, and he had to scramble up too."

"If you're really proposed—which I doubt," said I, "you must please understand that you've been formally refused. But I forgive you because I believe you must have been chaffing and because it's my first proposal, so at all events I can't die without having had at least one. Now, do be sensible and take me back or I shall have to find my way alone or else ask a strange cadet to pilot me."

"That throat found a vulnerable spot, and he was not half bad on the way home—perhaps no worse than the name of the walk allowed."

"I was a good deal excited about the ball, as it was my very first. Hally Woodhull had looked at my things and told me what to bring. Not that it was a hard choice, for I have only four frocks with me in which I could go to a dance. The one Hally wanted me to wear at West Point is a little white thing of embroidered India mullin. Thompson made it after one of Victor's, and it is a rag compared to Hally's and Mrs. Fox-Kay's gorgeous things. But when Hally had done my hair in a new way (they had left London behind, as there was no room for her) and fastened around my throat a lovely string of pearls she brought on purpose I looked quite nice."

"The 'hop' was in a great big room which the cadets use for something or other, I forgot what, and it was decorated with quantities of American flags. There were lots of girls—the youngest thing I hardly any of them could have been out, but there were even more men; cooing officers and cadets, at least two for each girl."

"The card which my particular cadet had talked about making for me was



"Are you going to be an officer or a cadet's lady?"

a programme, with all the dances and the men's names and illuminations which he had put on himself. It was beautiful, and I told him that I would always keep it. I danced every dance, with two partners for each, and there was a corollary afterward with favors to remind the girls who got them of West Point; little flags and buttons and bits of gold lace, but I was very lucky, for some of the friends I had made in camp had smuggled me special things, and I shall have quite a collection of sergeant's stripes and corporal's chevrons, belt buckles and beautiful bright bell buttons with initials scratched on them."

"I don't believe Vic had half so much fun at her first ball as I had at mine, although hers is so many seasons ago now that I can't remember what she said about it. I was only a little girl then, and she wasn't in the habit of telling me things as she is now."

"Although I didn't get to bed till after 2, I was up early next morning, because I had promised my best cadets that I would be at morning parade, or whatever they call it, to say goodbye. Sally went with me, and it was quite an affecting parting. I shall never forget those dear boys if I live to be a hundred, though I can't remember any of their names, as after all I lost the card I meant to keep all ways."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLDING THE CELLO.

An Anecdote of Dupont and the Emperor Napoleon.

Napoleon, in a way, was fond of music. It is not that the late great master of "The Corsican eagle" was not elevated. But for all that he loved singing so much that many a time after a concert he ordered the violonists to come to the palace and sing before him and the Empress Josephine.

A curious anecdote is told of his brusque manner of dealing with artists. One night at a concert at the Tuilleries, while Dupont, the famous violinist, was performing a solo, the emperor suddenly entered. His majesty nodded his head approvingly and when the piece was finished said to Dupont:

"How the devil do you manage to keep that instrument so motionless?" And, taking up the cello, he tried to join it between his parted boots.

For Dupont nearly fainted when he saw his treasure treated like a war horse. For several minutes he looked on, trembling from head to foot. At last, however, he darted forward and called out "Graf!" in such pathetic tones that the emperor handed him back the instrument.

Dupont thereupon showed how the instrument was held, but every time his imperial majesty extended his hand to attempt to do it himself Dupont threw himself back in alarm till finally Josephine whispered something to her husband, who burst out laughing and put an end to the cello lesson.—New York Sun.

SHETLAND PONIES.

Active as Terriers, Ours Poised as Mules, Patient as Donkeys.

Shetlands are "foaled in the fields, live in the fields and die in the fields." They have a roiled dislike for indoor life and thrive best when allowed to feed naturally on green grass, with perhaps hay in winter. Until two years old nature provides a soft, wool-like covering. Afterward the nature coat of hair appears, to be shed each spring, when the ponies appear sleek and handsome. Full grown, they are immensely strong, with quiet, powerful legs and a great width and depth over the heart and lungs. And, as Hengle wrote in 1870 in his "Four in Shetland": "The Shetland pony is the most favorite of animals in the whole creation. They are sprightly and active as terriers, sure-footed as mules and patient as donkeys. The horse is nevertheless the most intelligent and faithful of them all."

The great value of the Shetland to the coal miners lies in its ability to work in the low galleries in thin seams of pits, where other ponies could not travel. Their strength does not correspond with their diminutive proportions, and they will travel thirty miles a day in the summer, drawing from twelve to fourteen hundred-weight. Underground their lot is hard, but we become second nature, and they are treated, if roughly, not unkindly.—St. James' Gazette.

The Chinaman and His Dragon. If a Chinaman wishes for happiness and peace in this world and the next he feels obliged to consult his majestic dragon as to where his house should be built and his grave be made. Through the earth, so say the Chinese, flow two currents—the dragon and the tiger. Now, for a man to have good fortune in life or, as he would say in "Anglo-English," to "catch the chance," his house must be put in a certain position in reference to these currents. If he is to rest quietly in his grave, that also must be correctly placed. So called "wise men" make a business of choosing favorable sites for houses and graves, professing by means of a wand and incantations and other kinds of tomfoolery to be able to detect the presence of the dragon and the tiger and to tell in what direction they flow.

Skating. Skating is believed to have been invented in northern Europe in prehistoric times. William Pitt-Rivers speaks of it in London toward the end of the twelfth century, but it did not really catch hold until the cavaliers who had been in exile with Charles II. brought it with them from Holland. On Dec. 1, 1652, Mr. Pepys, having occasion to cross the park, "first in my life, it being a great frost, did two people skating with their skates, which is a very pretty art." On the 8th he went purposely to see the sight and again found it "very pretty."—London Chronicle.

Works Both Ways. "So you think it is an advantage to a man to go to congress for awhile?" "Yes," answered Senator Barham. "It gives the people in his own town a chance to think he is a great man in Washington and the people in Washington a chance to think he is a great man in his own town."—Washington Star.

Her Motto. "I think it is high time," said Mrs. Oldensteele, "for the people of this country to take a firm stand against vivisection." "So do I," replied her hostess. "No north, no south, is my motto."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Barrier. First Tramp—You won't get nothing decent there; them people is vegetarians. Second Tramp—Is that right? First Tramp—Yes, and they're got a dog wet ain't Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Substitute. "I am sorry, my dear sir, but I neglected to bring my surgical instruments with me." "That will be all right, doctor. The plumber who has been working in the cellar has left his tools here."—Exchange.

How poor are they that have no patience! What would they do over head but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

CHINESE METHODS.

Why a Street, Newly Paved, Was Torn Up by Official Order.

Mr. Alexander, the French Asiatic traveler, watched for the tenth of the following story of how his friend, Hop King, a man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely vexed. Hop King lived in the street of the famous city, as his name and as he paved a street as wide as all Peking. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop King lavished himself of his friendship to pass the mandarin to have the street repaired. Certainly, at once. The men would be at work on it before Hop King could get back home. A week passed, then another week, and on an odd day, to his surprise, Hop King determined to have the street repaved at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed.

The surprise of Hop King was only equaled by his indignation when on awakening one morning he found a gang of coolies applying the newly forged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders.

"You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "my expending the head inspector around here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street it would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would naturally bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

The Charm of New York. An English View of the Metropolis of the New World.

New York ought by most artistic standards of the past to be hideous. Indeed (as I made up my mind, with a shock of pleasure, a few weeks ago) she is as beautiful, as individual almost, as Venice. Of course there are her sky and her atmosphere. Even a regular old tramp of a city could wear a sparkling crown when golden wind of sunshine dripped over her from a crystal cup shaded with turquoise or in a sunset such as heaven and Turner alone could conceive, glittering like a heap of jewels behind a veil of sparkling gold dust. But the swirling, hazy beauty of New York could exist even in a London fog.

What is there to say of a vast city where all the architecture of the world and some that were never seen (anywhere) on land or sea rub shoulders together? Would you not think that they would refuse to speak to each other, even if they didn't fight in disastrous battle dreadful to witness? But go to New York and see.

I said to myself as I drove about New York that the gay, colorful city was like a huge flower garden where the gardeners had sown the seeds anywhere—crimson hollyhocks, golden sunflowers, dainty pink, modest violets, tall white lilies, larkspurs, pansies and a thousand other early things better left, leaving them to come up all among each other as they chose, and instead of the experiment being a failure it turned out a glorious success.—Mrs. C. N. Williamson in London Chronicle.

Obesity and Will Power. Obesity is easily cured by the exercise of the proper care and restraint on the part of the patient. Without this, however, the cure is impossible, and no physician or medicine can be of any help. The happy-go-lucky disposition of fat people, their tendency to regard their ailments lightly; cause them to look upon nothing seriously, to deny themselves nothing. These characteristics, which generally are responsible for their ailments, furnish the greatest obstacles in the way of curing them. As a rule, the fat person does just the opposite of what he ought to do. He eats the very foods he should avoid, avoids those he should eat, abuses exertion of every kind, indulges in rest and luxury and seeks the way of the easiest resistance generally.—"Will Power."

The Ancient Manufacture of Copper. The ancient Syrians and Phoenicians are well known to have been active traders in copper, and they manufactured this metal into bronze by melting it with tin. Learned antiquaries assure us that the Phoenicians actually came to England and to Ireland in search of tin for this purpose, and some years ago some curious bronze articles were found in several of the old mine workings in Cornwall, which are believed to have been left there by that ancient people at a time when no bronze was either made or used in England.—Chambers' Journal.

Taking a Mean Advantage. Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it too much. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman in turn yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said, "Now, until you hand me over my fee your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say, the money was promptly paid.

Juvenile Wisdom. "What did people do before steel pens were invented?" asked the teacher. "The phantoms of an goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy in the pious expropriation of the class.—Judge.

She Knew Them. Miss Dingley—She was bragging about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclat." What's "eclat" anyway? Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you ever eat a chocolate eclat?—Catholic Standard.

HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by the Clumsy Man.

Trying to the fact that the cat lurched suddenly as he was passing along the sidewalk, Brownson was deprived of his balance, with the result that he attempted to save himself from falling by catching one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat away and with great difficulty managed to stop on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You oughtn't to do that. I wish you to understand that I am not a lamp-post or a piece of furniture to be clinging to for support. You ought to ride in a cab or a train. You have no right to crowd in where you can't see other people to share with your big, awkward hands. You ought to be in the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of other people. You mustn't be so clumsy! You deserve to be!"

"Excuse me, madam," Brownson managed to say. "You have made a mistake."

"A mistake?" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From New York to Albany.

In August, 1893—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamer Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 100 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—American Standard.

Cleared His Doubts. A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful Highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. One dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to pounce on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrested away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down, half insensible. The Highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently, he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Home, Sweet Home. The old man sat on the park seat, rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high tide, stopped and asked if he were ill. "Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I've just had news from home. The house that was sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I haven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody will be turned out, and goodness knows what'll happen to 'em!" "Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the old man. "That isn't much, but you are welcome to it. And where is this old home of yours, my friend?" "Up at the jail, sir," replied the old man. "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."—London Opinion.

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa. Take a tablespoonful of cocoa and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix well, so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one-half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, until it is scalded—that is, until a film forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it boils up.—De-linctor.

Businesslike. The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?—Kansas City Independent.

Not a Matter of Chance. The Vicar—Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, sir; they all cheat!—London Opinion.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lanier.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kid You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. H. Fletcher.

JAMES P. TAYLOR.

139

Thames Street,

REAR 10

Clothing

AND

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

ROBERT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

Last Call!

We have sold out the

RECOL

STEAMSHIP MEN FILE LIBEL SUITS

Republic's Owners Claim Dam-
ages of \$2,000,000

BLAME PLACED ON THE FLORIDA

Contention That Latter Ship Was
Steaming at "Immoderate Rate of
Speed" at Time of Collision—Own-
ers of Italian Vessel Also Take Ac-
tion, Claiming That Republic's Of-
ficers Are Responsible For Disaster

New York, Jan. 29.—Just which
ship was responsible for the collision
between the White Star liner Repub-
lic and the Italian liner Florida off
Nantucket, Mass., and which com-
pany shall pay the damages will be
decided by the court of admiralty.

Both companies filed suits Thurs-
day. The owners of the Republic
claim damages of \$2,000,000 and re-
cite, in concise legal form, the story
of the marvelous sea disaster. The
blame for the collision is placed on the
Florida, and the contention is made
that the latter ship was steaming at
"an immoderate rate of speed" when
the crash came.

The owners of the Florida also filed
a libel suit and a petition for a limi-
tation of liability against the Florida.
The petitioners ask that their liability,
in case the suits are decided against
them, be placed at \$224,000, the
value of the damage to the Florida.

Later, the Florida's owners applied
for and obtained an order from Judge
Adams, in the United States circuit
court, staying all suits for damages
against the steamship Florida on the
ground that their petition for limita-
tion of liability had been before the
\$2,000,000 libel suit of the Oceanic
Steamship Navigation company.

In their suit proper the Florida
owners allege that the collision was
due to the neglect of the Republic's
officers.

C. B. Richards & Co., agents for
the Lloyd-Hillman line, to which the
Florida belongs, believe that Captain
Ruspoli, his officers and crew should
come in for some of the praise that
has been bestowed upon the officers
of the Republic.

In a statement issued last night
they point out the bravery and hu-
manity displayed by Ruspoli, who,
despite the fact that his vessel was
sorely damaged, stood by the Republic
for more than twenty-four hours, re-
cuing the passengers from the Repub-
lic and then transferring them to the
Baltic when that ship reached the
scene.

The statement is made that had
the Baltic not arrived Ruspoli would
successfully have brought his over-
crowded ship into this port.

Compulsory Wireless Equipment.
Washington, Jan. 29.—Another
manifestation of the interest of con-
gress in the proposed compulsory
equipment of ocean-going steamers
with wireless telegraph apparatus was
evidenced when Representative
Peters (Mass.) introduced a bill re-
quiring the wireless telegraph on all
ocean-going vessels, both in the for-
eign and domestic services, plying
between ports more than 100 miles
distant. A maximum penalty of
\$1000 is provided.

LIMITS EXPENDITURE

Weeks' Bill For Conservation of Our
Forests Is Reported

Washington, Jan. 29.—Before final-
ly reporting the Weeks bill, looking
to the establishment of forest re-
serves in the White mountains and
the Appalachian mountains, the house
committee on agriculture placed a
limitation on the amount of money
that may be expended under the bill.

The bill, as finally agreed upon,
provides that not more than \$1,000,-
000 shall be expended during the
coming fiscal year for the purchase of
land for reserves, and not more than
\$2,000,000 in any subsequent year.
The life of the proposed law is fixed
at ten years.

CORNSTALK EXPERIMENTS

Move to Improve the Present Pro-
cesses For Making Paper Material

Washington, Jan. 29.—The secre-
tary of agriculture will be enabled to
conduct experiments to determine the
practicability of making paper materi-
al from cornstalks if a bill favorably
acted upon by the house committee on
agriculture becomes a law.

The bill, which was introduced by
Representative Stanley (Ky.), ap-
propriates \$30,000 to be used by the
secretary to conduct the experiment,
put in operation and improve the
processes now in use for making pa-
per material from cornstalks.

Judge Orders Acquittal

San Francisco, Jan. 29.—Emma
Goldman, the anarchist lecturer, and
Ben Reitzman, her manager, charged
with calling an unlawful meeting,
were acquitted by the jury upon
peremptory instructions by the court.

RETURN OF \$12,000

Asked of Montana's Attorney General
In a Legislative Resolution

Helena, Mont., Jan. 29.—In the
legislature a resolution was intro-
duced, setting forth that Attorney
General Galen, who is a brother-in-
law of Senator Carter, illegally drew
\$12,000 from the state treasury for
salary and expenses.

It is claimed that he was under
30 years of age, the constitutional
limit for that office, and therefore was
not entitled to hold the office.

WAGE SCALE RAISED

Arbitrators Favor Employees of Bos-
ton and Northern Street Railway.
Boston, Jan. 29.—Seventeen hun-
dred employees of the Boston and
Northern Street Railway company will
receive increased wages under the de-
cision of the arbitrators appointed to
adjust the differences between the
company and its employees.

Under the new scale, which will go
into effect on Jan. 31 and remain in
operation until Oct. 1, 1910, the
men will receive 21 cents an hour dur-
ing the first year of employment, 22
cents for the second year, 23 cents
for the next three years, 24 cents for
the next two, and 25 cents thereafter.
Under the old scale the wages
ranged from 20 to 26 cents and the in-
creases were not so frequent.

DEADLOCK ON FISHERIES

Proposed Agreement Not Satisfactory
to Newfoundland Government.
St. John's, Jan. 29.—The colonial
government has not given its assent,
as yet, to the proposed fishery agree-
ment between Great Britain and the
United States, and the opinion is ex-
pressed in some quarters that it will
fail.

Premier Borden and his cabinet de-
cline to discuss the situation for pub-
lication, but it is admitted in gov-
ernment circles that a deadlock ex-
ists.

The opposition press holds the view-
point that Borden is unwilling to allow
claims of American vessel owners for
damages caused by the detention of
schooners to be submitted to the
Hague for arbitration.

GREAT FREIGHT RATE WAR IS IMPENDING

Ball Is Set Rolling by the
Boston and Maine

Baltimore, Jan. 29.—Officials of the
Baltimore and Ohio railroad refuse
to comment upon the action of the
Boston and Maine railroad in notifying
the Interstate Commerce commission
that it will insist on a freight rate of
67 cents per 100 pounds from Boston
to the west, the same as from Balti-
more.

Opinion in local railroad and ship-
ping circles is that the action of the
Boston and Maine leaves no avenue
for escape from a great freight rate
war.

There is little doubt that the Balti-
more and Ohio will lower its tariff to
meet the cut of the Boston and Maine.
This, it is expected, will be followed
by similar action by the Philadelphia
and New York lines, and later by
those in Canada and roads centering
at New Orleans.

SITUATION AT MESSINA

Soldiers Swap Part of American Pro-
visions Intended For Sufferers

Messina, Jan. 29.—The population
felt particular alarm Thursday over a
number of earth shocks which oc-
curred, as it was just a month since
the great earthquake overwhelmed the
city.

Terrific rain storms have prevailed
and the downpour has caused a sus-
pension of work.

The American relief ship Celtic
landed such a great quantity of food
here that General Manza distributed
part of it to the soldiers, but he or-
dered the military commissariat later
to return to the people an equal quan-
tity out of the soldiers' provisions.

WORKED FOR CITY'S GOOD

Boston Finance Commission Will Not
Accept Pay For Their Services

Boston, Jan. 29.—The members of
the finance commission, seven in all,
representing business organizations of
the city, who have been conducting
an investigation of the finances of Bos-
ton for nearly a year and a half,
announce that they will not accept
pay for their services, which termi-
nate on Feb. 1.

The commission will submit to the
legislature in a few days a new city
charter, embodying its ideas upon the
government of the city, based upon a
careful investigation.

Taft Starts For Panama

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 29.—While
the booming of guns fired to mark the
passing down the harbor of the cruiser
North Carolina and her convoy, the
Montana, President-elect Taft
started this morning on his visit to
the Panama canal zone, announced
more than a month ago.

Old Fireman Answers Last Call
Boston, Jan. 29.—Captain John H.
Elliott, for over fifty years connect-
ed with the Boston fire department,
died last night, aged 72. Elliott was
6 feet, 11½ inches tall. On account
of heart trouble he was retired on
half pay in 1903.

To Testify For Hains

Baltimore, Jan. 29.—Dr. Charles
G. Mills of this city, an alienist, has
been engaged to testify as an expert
on behalf of Captain Peter C. Hains,
Jr., at his coming trial for the killing
of William E. Annis.

Life Sentence For Murder

Auburn, Me., Jan. 26.—Life im-
prisonment at hard labor in the state
prison was the sentence given George
Mone, who was convicted of the murder
of James Scott, a peddler.

Charles Taft's Strong Denial

Washington, Jan. 29.—Charles P.
Taft has entered a vigorous denial of
the charges of Representative Rainey
that he was in any way identified with
the Panama canal purchase. Taft de-
clares as unfounded the statements
associating him with the transaction.

CUBA AGAIN FREED TODAY

President Gomez Inaugurated
In Havana

OUR GOVERNMENT CEASES

With the Sailing of Magoon This
Afternoon the Authority of the
United States in the Islands Ends,
Although Some Troops Remain Un-
til April 1—American Warships Fire
Salute in Honor of New Executive

Havana, Jan. 28.—With the admin-
istration of the oath of office at noon
today to Jose Miguel Gomez, the new
president of the republic of Cuba,
American occupation of the island
ceased and the history of this country
entered on a new era. This afternoon
Charles E. Magoon, until today pro-
visional governor of Cuba, will em-
bark for the United States, leaving
the government entirely in the hands
of President Gomez and his advisors.
Most of the 5000 American soldiers
who have occupied the island since
1896 have been sent home, and the
remainder will leave by April 1.

The oath of office was administered
to President Gomez and Vice Presi-
dent Zayas by President Barrolo of the
supreme court of Cuba in the pres-
ence of a great throng of Cubans and
Americans and other foreigners. To-
day is a general holiday throughout
Cuba and from all the six states men
prominent in the political, commercial
and social life of the island have gathered
to attend the inauguration.

Americans in Evidence

The principal officers of the Ameri-
can troops still in Cuba, re-enforced
by the officers of the American war-
ships in the harbor, made a brave
showing in their dress uniforms. The
inauguration ceremonies were preced-
ed by a parade of the rural guards and
other Cuban troops, in which the



PRESIDENT GOMEZ

American soldiers did not participate,
as it was thought that their presence
in the procession might recall too
strongly the fact that for more than
two years the island has been under
foreign domination. At the close of the
ceremonies President Gomez was
warmly congratulated by the foreign
envoys, who extended to him the good
wishes of their respective govern-
ments for the welfare of his country.
A conspicuous figure was Mgr. Aves-
sa, representing the Vatican. Many
messages of congratulation were re-
ceived, notably from President Roose-
velt and William H. Taft, president-
elect of the United States. He has
many friends among prominent Cubans.

Battleships Salute Gomez

Word of the taking of the oath of
office by President Gomez was sent to
the American battleships Maine and
Massachusetts, lying in the harbor as
representatives of the United States
government. Immediately the shores
of the harbor began to echo with the
reports of a presidential salute fired
in honor of the new president by the
three vessels. The booming of guns
was greeted by applause by the
crowds of Cubans.

The second American occupation of
Cuba by the United States began in
September, 1896, when the resignation
of President Thomas Estrada
Palma, since deceased, was followed by
a short period of disorder in the
island. Under the Platt amendment
the United States intervened and es-
tablished a provisional government on
the island, with William H. Taft as
provisional governor. Judge Taft was
succeeded in October, 1906, by
Charles E. Magoon.

Earthquake In Nebraska

Norfolk, Neb., Jan. 27.—Specials
to the Norfolk Daily News report a
violent earth shock through Pierce
and Knox counties at 2:15 p. m.
Tuesday. The noise resembled a
powder explosion. Horses became
frightened and cattle stampeded. The
shock lasted but a few seconds.

Former King's Son a Singer

Budapest, Jan. 28.—George Chris-
tie, son of former King Milan of
Serbia and at one time a claimant to
the Serbian throne, has accepted an
engagement to sing in a local cafe for
\$10 a day.

Baby Emperor Has Smallpox

London, Jan. 28.—Cabling from
Peking, the correspondent of The
Times says that the infant Chinese
emperor is suffering from confluent
smallpox.

Bowdoin's Largest Benefactor

Brunswick, Me., Jan. 29.—The an-
nouncement by President Hyde of
Bowdoin college that the gifts of the
late Joseph E. Merrill of Newton,
Mass., amount to \$500,000 show
Merrill to have been the largest bene-
factor of the college.

"MERELY A CLEARING UP"

What Edward P. Shaw Says of His
Million Dollar Failure

Newburyport, Mass., Jan. 26.—
"The importunities of smaller credit-
ors, and not the pressure of those
heavily interested, was the immedi-
ate cause of my petition, which I
have succeeded in postponing for a
long time." Is the cause ascribed by
Edward P. Shaw for his million dol-
lar failure. The petition brings to
a temporary close the business career
of one of the greatest electric rail-
road promoters in the state.

"It is merely a clearing up, that
is all, and you may be sure that it
does not mean a close to my business
activities."

In this city, where Shaw started
in business as a back driver, the
petition which was filed yesterday has
been expected for some time.

PANAMA LIBEL CASE

Douglas Robinson Signs Affidavit at
Instance of Jerome

New York, Jan. 29.—Uncertainty
as to what action would be taken on
the recent suggestion made by Dis-
trict Attorney Jerome in the case of
the government's suit against the New
York World for libel, that the federal
authorities suspend their activities
and permit him to proceed in their
stead, has been in a measure removed
by the signing of an affidavit by Dou-
glas Robinson, brother-in-law of
President Roosevelt.

It is believed that Robinson's sign-
ing of the affidavit in question means
that he has accepted Jerome's propos-
al to appear as a complaining witness
against The World, and that the
grand jury of the county of New York
is preparing to take the matter in
hand.

ANTI-JAPANESE LEGISLATION HALTS

Nothing Will Be Done in Cal-
ifornia For a Week

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 28.—
Legislation against Japanese was
temporarily deferred by the state
legislature as a result of an agree-
ment between President Roosevelt,
Governor Gillett and the leaders of
both houses.

Assemblyman Drew agreed, after a
talk with the governor, to amend his
anti-alien bill. Grove L. Johnson
was not willing to postpone action on
his Japanese bill, but a motion to
postpone measures over for a week
prevailed with little opposition.

NO DEFENSE OFFERED

Van Buskirk and Roberts Are Held
For Murder of Mrs. Gray

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 28.—Am-
brose Van Buskirk, 15, and Harry
Roberts, 25, were held without bail
here, charged with the murder of Mrs.
Catherine Gray, the former as a
principal, and Roberts as an access-
ory.

The preliminary hearing was pre-
sided over by Judge Mahoney, and
both defendants were represented by
counsel. Assistant Marshal Vose tes-
tified that Van Buskirk had confessed
the crime to him, saying that he had
planned the robbery of Mrs. Gray
with Roberts.

No defense was offered.

ABSOLUTE CURE OF SKIN ERUPTION

Broke Out on Hips and Legs—Was
So Sore, Irritating and Painful
that Little Sufferer Could Not
Sleep—Scratched Constantly and
Kept Growing Worse.

CUTICURA'S EFFECT QUICK AND PERMANENT

"When about two and a half years
old my daughter broke out on her hips
and the upper parts of her legs with a
very irritating and painful eruption. It
began in October; the first I noticed
was a little red surface and a constant
desire on her part to scratch her limbs.
She could not sleep and the eruptions
got sorer and yellow water came out of
them. I had two doctors treat her, but
she grew worse under their treatment.
Then I bought the Cuticura Soap, Cuti-
cura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent,
and only used them two weeks when she
was cured well. This was in Febru-
ary. She has never had another rough
place on her skin, and she is now four-
teen years old. I used only half the
bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and less
than a box of Cuticura Ointment. Mrs.
R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn.,
Sept. 22, 1908."

WOMEN

Everywhere Use Cuticura Soap
and Cuticura Ointment

For preserving, purifying and beautify-
ing the skin, for cleansing the scalp of
crusts, scales and dandruff, for dry, thin
and falling hair, for softening, whitening
and soothing rough and sore hands,
for annoying irritations, for ulcerative
weaknesses, and for many sanative, anti-
septic purposes as well as for all the uses
of the toilet, bath and nursery. Guar-
anteed absolutely pure and may be used
from the hour of birth.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for
Every Form of Eczema, Chertosis and Acute con-
ditions of the Skin, such as Itch, Pruritus, Scabies,
Cuts, Burns, Frost-bites, etc. Cuticura Soap and
Cuticura Ointment (Box 1) is the Best Skin and
Cuticura Resolvent (Box 2), for the cure of Chronic
Skin Diseases, such as Psoriasis, Eczema, etc.
Cuticura Resolvent is the Best Cuticura Soap and
Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura
Ointment are the Best Cuticura Resolvent.

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ruary, May, August and November, draw interest from the
first day of said months.

Dividends are paid in February and August.
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signees and Receivers depositing their funds with this Com-
pany are exempt by law from all personal liabilities.

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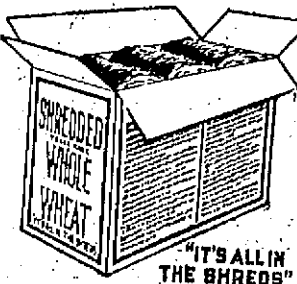
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ment in our line at less than cost.

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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

the favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh.

We carry no stale stocks of anything.

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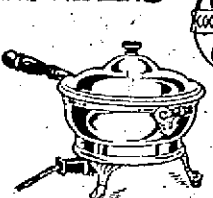
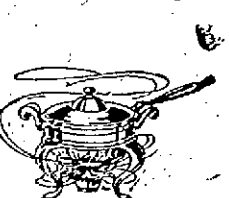
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wick, strike a match, and be very
careful not to spill alcohol on the
table top.

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you insert the plug and turn the
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When this is done you can devote
all your attention to the recipe.

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Under entirely new management.
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Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes,
if your head aches a great deal of the time
have it attended to at once by a competent
man. The prescriptions that were on file at
Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office.
Fine optical giving of all kinds. Quittin's
prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

127 CLARK STREET.

127 CLARK STREET.

FOOD FOR THE SEINE.

An Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.

The early scenes in "Tally" have shown us the hilarious squallor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delacroix. It was the Bohemian, barely modernized, of Merga's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a watercolor. One day he pawned his coat for an odd drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit. But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances. Whistler's cousin, Ernest Delannoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when flamed the pair of them to carry it. They tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thumps to 100, then 20, then 10, then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.

On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "Un," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois—four!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Sergeants de ville came running, umbrellas stopped, and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether it was an immense success, and they went home, enchanted.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE WRONG NOTE.

Mozart's Outbreak at an Opera Performance at Marseilles.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanelle Ragtime." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied in the midst of the principal aria the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer.

Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the execution of the offender. He was not hesitatingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart, the clamor subsided, and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides.

It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

The Thirteen Chickens.

How difficult it is to pick out truth or fiction from apparently straightforward recitals of the actions of animals is well shown in a communication sent to one of our foreign exchanges by a man who buys claim to long experience in breeding game birds. He stated in all seriousness that only two of his pheasant hens had hatched out seventeen of the eighteen eggs placed under each one in the nests. "It is a curious fact," he continues, "that both hatched out on the same day, and each hen immediately killed thirteen out of her seventeen live chicks by pecking their brains and laid them in a row in front of her, each exactly in the same way. I should be glad to know whether such a singular case has ever been noted before."

So shall I, but, at my rate, in this case at least, thirteen was an unlucky number for both the chickens and their owners.—*Forest and Stream.*

Her One Ambition.

She wanted a job, she told the manager of the big store, and everything about her, from drooping eyelashes to neatly molded instep, indicated that she would draw enough trade, or ought to, to cover her salary.

But the manager told her that for one of her luxuries she would command only about \$6 a week.

She accepted this, it was the best he could do, but as she was about to turn away she hesitated and asked deprecatingly, looking at him through the drooping lashes, "Do you suppose you could make that \$7 a week, so I could have a little laundry done once in awhile?"—*St. Louis Republic.*

Long Love.

The word "love" in one of the Indian dialects is "chemendamongk-nagagaga." Fancy a sweet forest maiden telling her copper-colored beau that she "chemendamongk-nagagaga" him. The conformation of the verb "to love" in that dialect must take at least a year to recite.—*Pittsburgh Courier.*

Reason For Worry.

"Men worry more than women."

"Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that the women have, but they also have the women to worry about too."—*Smart Set.*

There are few persons who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer.—*Rochevauvill.*

An Easy Problem.

Prove that 9 taken from 6 and 10 taken from 9 and 50 taken from 40 when all added together is only 6. Easy when you know how. Take 1X (9) from 51X and you have 5 left; take 1 (10) from 1X (9) and you have 1 left; take 1 (50) from 1X (40) and you have 1 left, and when you add 5 and 1 and 1 together you have 51X, haven't you?—*Pittsburgh Courier.*

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

An Englishman's Address at a Ladies' Seminary in Slam.

The illustrious Englishman in Slam flattered himself that he had a very decent knowledge of the language and was ready to do great things. He had already ordered coffee from his hotel waiter with success and asked the boy to bring up his boots.

Now, illustrious Englishman in Slam are not as common as deck-chairs, and that afternoon the distinguished visitor was requested by a friend to deliver an address on "England" at the only ladies' seminary in the country. Confidently he accepted.

He began famously. Every one applauded and smiled. But gradually as he proceeded he noticed consternation overspreading the countenances of his listeners.

"What's the trouble?" he whispered in English anxiously to his friend on the platform.

"Trouble," exclaimed the friend hotly. "Why, the trouble is what you are saying."

"But," protested the speaker, "I am saying, 'I am delighted to see so many young ladies rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appetites.'"

"Oh, no, you're not," corrected the friend. "You're saying, 'I am pleased to see so many small housewives growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet.'"—*London Tit-Bits.*

WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that tears act upon the human organism "like chloroform, ether or alcohol."

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases. The tear helps in this process, which benumbs the brain for the time being, causing passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference."

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lacrimal glands. One can draw his sorrow in tears as one can benumb his senses by the use of alcohol or drugs. When a person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, which action facilitates the white blood letting, driving the blood particles into the lacrimal gland, from which they issue in the shape of tears."

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women."

The professor likewise explains why laughter sometimes produces tears, but the explanation is too technical for reproduction.

The Only Safe Way.

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in high and dry, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife almost any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen, if I added as he bowed himself out, 'I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way.'"

A Dog Story.

At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a ferret, Bobek, shares always his master's first breakfast, the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens appear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion.—*London Spectator.*

A Tremendous Task.

"So you are going to study law?"

"Yes."

"Going to make a specialty of criminal law?"

"No."

"Corporation law?"

"No. Both are too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably informed as to what months in the year and days in the week it is permitted to shoot certain game in the various sections of the country."—*Washington Star.*

A Patron of Art.

"So you enjoy reading all the extravagant praise that is printed about that opera singer?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Camroz. "It kind of helps me to feel that maybe those tickets were worth what I paid for 'em."—*Washington Star.*

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Can't tell. Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.—*Judge.*

A Winking Victim.

"Well, Mr. Bickers," said Lawyer Reef, "your wife sues for divorce and asks \$5,000 a year alimony. Of course we will defend it."

"No, Mr. Reef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Bickers.

"But that is an enormous alimony."

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cause of Car Sickness.

W. C. Wood attributes car sickness to the dizziness produced by looking out of the car windows. Look out of a car window and observe how rapidly the telegraph poles fly by. Each one is seen and involuntarily followed by the eye until it is opposite, when the eye shifts to the one following. This is true of near buildings. Objects farther away seem to move slower, and those very far seem to be almost stationary until the whole landscape appears to be revolving round a common center. The unconscious effort to take in everything produces a rapid lateral oscillation of the eyeballs, as any one can observe by watching the eyes of his fellow passengers. The eye strain is enormous and is the chief factor in producing car sickness. This can be proved by asking a patient who is subject to car sickness to look steadily at a mirror which is moved rapidly to and fro or tilted backward and forward. He will immediately complain of nausea and vertigo. The treatment consists of advising the patient to avoid looking out of the car windows and in giving him a grain of extracted caffeine shortly before he takes the cars and repeating it every hour as long as there is any tendency to be sick. The author has been enabled by this procedure to relieve many sufferers from car sickness.—*New York Medical Journal.*

The Ship's Bell Clock.

In its most ordinary form the ship's bell clock is a stout, well-made clock, a good thickcase, contained in a round nickel plated case six or seven inches in diameter which is mounted on a board that can be hung on or screwed to a wall or bulkhead. The face of the clock, the dial, is of finished steel, and its pointers are of blued steel, so that with its nickelled case the whole clock has a metallic, solid, serviceable look.

Attached to a projection of the board upon which the clock is placed, outside the clock and immediately below it, is the clock's gong, with the hammer—there are two of them—brought down into it, on arms extending through an opening in the clock's case and striking on the gong's inner side. It is a sturdy gong two or three inches in diameter, and it sounds with a strong, clear, resolute note when the hammer strikes it. On this clock's face you can tell the time in the usual way, but the hours are struck as they are at sea on a ship's bell.—*New York Sun.*

Fresh.

There was no doubt about it. He was very angry when he entered the village grocery store and demanded to see the proprietor.

"You sold my wife some eggs yesterday, Mr. Peavey," he said, when the grocer appeared.

"What, yes," said Mr. Peavey, tentatively, "believe I did."

"And you told her that they were fresh eggs," continued the visitor.

"What, yes; it seems to me I did," said Mr. Peavey.

"But, see here, Peavey, you had no business to say they were fresh eggs."

"Why not? I bought 'em for fresh from St. Wiley too."

"I don't believe it. St. Wiley's an honest man."

"What, St. Wiley, all right. He come in here with his basket full of 'em and put 'em down on the counter and traded 'em off for a box of sody biscuits."

"When was this?"

"Oh, I donno. 'Bout six weeks ago, I guess."—*Baltimore American.*

Death and Snuff.

A certain Margaret Wilson of Westminster, who was an inveterate snuff taker, confessed that a quantity of Scotch snuff should be placed in her coffin. She also ordered that the arrangements connected with her funeral should be as follows: "Six men to be my bearers who are known to be the greatest snuff takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster. Instead of mourning, each to wear a snuff colored beaver hat, which I desire may be bought for the purpose and given to them. Six maidens of my old acquaintance to bear my pall, each to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff, to take for their refreshment as they go along." Snuff was also to be thrown on the threshold of deceased's dwelling before the cortege passed out, snuff was to be strewn on the ground at every twenty yards in advance of the coffin, and the officiating clergyman's fee was to be proportional to the quantity of snuff he consumed during the ceremony.—*London Globe.*

What the Peruvians Believed.

A unique idea of the future state was that of the ancient Peruvians. As the disembodied soul winged its way to eternally it encountered two rocks, upon one of which it must needs rest. The choice was determined by the morality of the life in the flesh. If it rested upon the left hand rock it was instantly translated to "Paradise," a state analogous to the Nirvana of the Orient. If through early misdeeds, however, the unhappy spirit was guided to the right hand rock it entered into a purgatorial hell where fiends grated away the flesh from all the bones in succession, after which the skeleton was re clothed and sent back to earth for another try. There was no haste about this grating process. It took something over 10,000 years.

Australia's First Theater.

The first recorded production of a play in Australia took place in June of the year 1781. It was called "The Recruiting Officer." The proceeds of the first night (some £20) went to the family of a man who had been drowned. In January, 1793, a rough and ready playhouse was opened, and the public had to pay a shilling a head for admission. The payments were made in kind, wheat, flour or ruin taking the place of the usual currency.—*London Standard.*

"What's your objection to the term, 'mister'?"

"The land appears to be sunken."

"That's owing to the heavy crops."—*Washington Herald.*

A Phenetic Purchase.

The late Henry Miller, who was guide, philosopher and friend to many book lovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman. One day he called on Collis P. Huntington and showed him a rare copy of a book.

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. "The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

"What is the price?" asked the railroad king.

"Seven hundred dollars," said the bookman.

"Those are too valuable volumes for my library," Mr. Huntington exclaimed.

Mr. Miller went back to his place and sent the books to Mr. Huntington's house with a bill for \$700. Next day the railroad king sent for him.

"Why did you send me those books?" he demanded sharply.

"Because you bought them," was the bookman's calm reply.

"I certainly did not," cried the millionaire.

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Mr. Miller. "You'll remember perfectly well when I tell you what you said. You told me distinctly, 'Those are two valuable volumes for my library.'"—*Harpers Weekly.*

Books of Reference.

Newspaper editors like to answer questions addressed to them by their readers—if they are not too hard—and they deem themselves as arbiters rather than as accessories to a wide-spread when they are appealed to for information "to decide a bet." But they wonder sometimes why certain questions are put to them for arbitration when the answers are to be found in one of three very accessible books—an almanac, a grammar and a small dictionary.

These are books of reference that ought to be in every home library, however small. We guess that they are, but that they are sometimes dusty with misuse or out of easy reach on a top shelf. It is well to have an almanac, a dictionary or an atlas handy when you are reading your newspaper. By consulting them frequently the reader will find his daily paper relates his early historical studies to present events and makes his touch with the world closer and more significant. Get the habit.—*New York Mail.*

A Sporting Parson.

The inhibition of a hunting rector by his bishop reminds a correspondent that the Rev. Jack Russell, the famous west country sporting parson, was once cited to appear before the bishop of Exeter to answer charges of neglecting his spiritual and parochial duties, and he was also remonstrated with for keeping and following a pack of hounds. The charges were proved unfounded, and Russell refused to give up the sport, which he continued to pursue almost to the day of his death in 1883, at the age of eighty-eight. Besides being an inveterate hunter, he was, as his biographer mildly remarks, "a staunch supporter of Devonshire wrestlers, an admirable sparrer and an enthusiastic upholder of the virtues of Devonshire cider and cream." And in the pulpit he tried to reform conduct rather than to expound doctrine and was a stern denouncer of bad language, strong drink and "the filthy habit of smoking."—*St. James Gazette.*

Sarcasm in the Commons.

The reluctance of the house of commons to adjourn over Derby day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships; but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

His Glasses.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying, "Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper time."

He blinked, looked wide and, braced up against the backrest, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses down town."

"Yes," she replied, with scathing irony, "but you brought the contents with you."

Not Grasping.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days."

"You wrong me, Jarler. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."

Found Him Guilty.

Counsel (to the jury)—The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the lowest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury!

She Had to Mend Them.

Benham—I believe in putting my best foot forward. Mrs. Benham—I have noticed that your toe always goes right through your stocking.—*New York Press.*

Ill Bred Scenery.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill bred."

"Scenery ill bred, child! What do you mean?"

"This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them.'"

Thinbills made of lava are used by women in Naples.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifles with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
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A Thoughtful Husband.

The late Mrs. McKinley was one of the most charitable of women. A clergyman of Canton said: "She once told me about a colored widow whose children she had helped to educate. The widow, rather late in life, married. A few months after her marriage Mrs. McKinley asked her how she was getting on. 'I'm getting on fine, thank ye,' the bride answered. 'And is your husband a good provider?' asked Mrs. McKinley. 'Deed he is a good provider, ma'am,' was the reply. 'He got me five new places to wash at dis last week.'"

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned severely. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."—*New York Press.*

The Bishop's Rebuke.

A cancelled young cleric once said to an American prelate, "Do you not think that I may well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear me preach?"

"No," was the answer, "for twice as many would come to see you hanged."—*From "The Old Time Parson" by P. H. Ditchfield, M. A.*

Dental Incubation.

"Tommy," said the visiting uncle, "seems to me that baby sister of yours is pretty slow. She hasn't any teeth yet, has she?"

"She's got plenty of teeth," replied the indignant Tommy. "She's got a whole mouthful of teeth, only they ain't hatched yet."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Ambiguous.

Dobler—I don't know whether that critic meant to praise or blame my work.

Cutter—What did he say?

Dobler—Well, I had a picture of "The Dead Sea," and he said it was full of life.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Barefaced.

"Freddie," said the visitor, "I hear your father gave you a watch on your birthday. Was it a hunting case watch?"

"No, ma'am," replied Freddie. "It was a barefaced watch."—*Exchange.*

Fellow-clitizens.

"Fellow-clitizens," shouted the candidate, "if I am elected for this district I shall endeavor to make you glad that you did not elect another."

"That's right!" yelled the dry goods box philosopher. "I reckon you would be a plenty."—*Puck.*

If You Didn't Smoke Those Expensive Cigars.

"If you didn't smoke those expensive cigars, you might own your handsome office building."

"I do own your handsome office building. If I didn't, I couldn't smoke expensive cigars."—*Washington Herald.*

Tough Looking Customer.

I'm tired of this blamed town, and I'm going to leave it. I want the longest journey I can get for 45 cents.

Ticket Seller—Go and spend it for chloroform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

(At the Club.)

"Oh, I say, who do you think I met this morning?"

"Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."—*Punch.*

Seaboard Air Line Ry

SHORTEST LINE TO
FLORIDA and SOUTHWEST
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THE MISSING MISSIVE.

One Romance of Uncle Sam's Dead Letter Office.

Something like 2,000,000 letters annually fall of delivery in the United States owing to insufficient postage or incorrect addresses. The dead letter office at Washington employs a large force of clerks to handle these. The packages that have been received at the dead letter office have contained false teeth, glass eyes, brass keys and thousands of other things that one would never expect to find in the mails.

It would be interesting to know how many engagements have been broken, how many friends have been estranged, how many fond hearts have not been reunited, how many deals have fallen through, how much money has been lost and how many quarrels have been prevented by letters that never came.

A pretty romance was revealed at the dead letter office the other day when a young woman called there to see if a wrongfully addressed letter had been received. It had, and she was greatly relieved. "I heard that Jack was untrue," she said, "and wrote him breaking our engagement. The day after I wrote I found out that I was wrong. My heart was almost broken, but Jack kept right on coming to see me and never mentioned the letter. I began to think I must have misdirected it and find that I did. It must have been fate. Now he will never know."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

ALL THE WAY ROUND.

An Odd Sort of Dinner and the Reason of It.

Lord Polkennet, a Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during the part of the year when the court does no business. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and, happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take, or, as he said, to ask, a family dinner with himself, his wife and daughter.

John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a jolt of roasted veal at the head of the table and stewed veal at the bottom, real soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other. calf's foot lying between the soup and roast veal and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

"Noo," said his lordship in his own blunt way, "Mr. Hagart, you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but ye'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep aye company, Mr. Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this: We kill a beast, as it were, today, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, (travel down that side, turn the tail and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature *Charles H. Fletcher*



We play all day to the hay, you see—
oh, my cousin, and Juny and me.
Inny and I w'd like to play
out "stump" or "house" or "hide" all day:

But John's a boy, that's why I spect
 he plays we're pirnct. We've all been
 wrecked;
 lung and I are nearly dead,
 we're cotbin' to drink and we're got no
 treat;
 and we're a mferred so, and we're got so thin
 we're nothin' but skeleton bones and skin;
 and John he paces the shore, and looks
 just like they do in pirate books
 or a mull. "Ho'er up! My eye!" he'll say,
 "we'll die with our boots on, an' we'll
 cheer 'em, mule! Give us a song!" and he
 sing.
 My country, 'Tis like anythin'.

"Your country," John liked anything
 and we're in it so we're in it," made him
 "Nothin' but 'sketchin' bones and skin
 and we can't stay long—we're 'bout to die!"
 When John snipers up and out to 'fill
 "There's a ship! A ship! My eye!"
 "Oh he heaves and calls, loud as he can
 "John, my uncle's hired man
 "I've a awful misfortune, I've a awful loss
 "I've a shipwrecked pirate starvin' so,
 "John, John, call back, 'Comin' along, kids,
 "see you bump yourselves you can rile back
 "on top of the lead! So we hurry away
 "instantly we're in and we don't play
 "The pirates again that no other day."
 —Youth a Companion,
 Their Ruling Passion.

nd Andrew C. should give some dough
with similar intent,
which, for a home for modern art, must
carefully be spent,
no doubt with thoughts of "Auld Lang
Syne," he naturally would feel
that all the steel engravings should be made
from "U. S. Steel."
—February Lippincott's.

The father of Alexander H. Stephens, a vice president of the Confederate States, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which his pupils called "learning manners," indelibly made a deep impression on the Alexander, writes Louis Peadar in the biography of the statesman. The play was no less admirable than *Amal*.

It is related that about once a month a Friday afternoon, after the spelling classes had got through their tasks, the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of his row would stand and walk toward the center of the room and the girl at the head of her row would do likewise.

As they approached the boy would say and the girl would drop a courtesy, the established feminine salutation of those days and they would pass.

Other times they were taught to

At other times they were taught to exchange verbal salutations of the usual formulas of politeness. These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor, the entrance introduction and reception of guests, with practices in "conversations" and "socials."

Then came the ceremony of introduction. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting, after salutations of the two agreed upon, would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them. Mary says, "Allow me, Miss Smith, to present to my friend, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, Miss Jones." After Mary had spoken to Mr. Smith would in turn introduce her friend. These exercises, trivial as the description may seem, the vice president of the Confederacy says, "were of great use to raw country boys and girls, relieving their awkwardness and consequent shyness and the painful sense of

Wearing Work.

"How's your husband doing?" said pale woman.

"About the same," answered the woman.

"Didn't he got any regular work?"

"Yes. He said he felt the need of a steady occupation. So he thought I make it his business to wind the clock."

"Did he stick to it?"

"For awhile, but now he's kicking out eight day a week."—Kansas City Independent.

A Great Big Mouthful.

There was a great parade of soldiers, little Mary, aged 8 years, went to floor with her pet dog, Gyp, to see procession move by. Like all little Gyps, Gyp was saucy and began to bark. Mary ran up-stairs to her mother, claiming:

"Oh, mamma, come down fast; I'm d Gyp will bite the army!"

Made Him Nervous.

the "chump" it is an "automobile" and jumps 10 feet.—Boston Post.

A sturdy old grandfather came to the steerage. Forty years later went back in the Lusitania.

Geto much. I know of an effie who accomplished the same trick two weeks.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What ground," asked the lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? incompatibility?"

"Something of that sort I reckon," replied the man. "My income isn't suitable with her ideas of comfort."—Chicago Tribune.

—George—You say you went into the at night quite unintentionally? Then, had you taken off your cigar?—Gause, Jedge. I heard deto somebody lying in de house.—a Magazine.

"Well, if you don't mind, you might make love to me."—Chicago Herald.

gladly—No man can tell just
a woman will do next.
elderly—And it's just as well he
Otherwise she'd be sure to do
thing altogether different.—Chas.
Jewell.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries must be clearly stated. 4. Write brief and to the point. 5. Answers will be given on condition of the writer's signature. 6. Number of the query and the date of the query must be given. 7. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the name of the contributor, and the name of the contributor.

Direct all communications to: Mr. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1909.

NOTES.

CARPENTER—(1) Stephen Carpenter had: Stephen Carpenter, b. Aug. 12, 1722, md. Abigail. Issue. (2) 2. Rachel Carpenter, b. Feb. 2, 1725, d. Oct. 12, 1782. (3) 3. Martha Carpenter, b. Jan. 10, 1725, md. Nathan Peck, May 11, 1740. (4) 4. Gershom Carpenter, b. Aug. 16, 1728, md. Hannah Cooke, d. Sept. 6, 1798. Issue. (5) 5. John Carpenter, b. 1729; d. 1780. (6) 6. Lydia Carpenter, b. Feb. 11, 1731, d. Nov. 18, 1821. (7) 7. Elizabeth Carpenter, b. Oct. 30, 1732, md. Daniel Bucklin, Oct. 31, 1751, Rehoboth, Mass. Issue. (8) 8. Peter Carpenter, b. Oct. 18, 1734, md. (1) Elizabeth Monroe, Oct. 16, 1758; she died Oct. 31, 1774; md. (2) Jehanna Carpenter, Aug. 8, 1775. She d. about 1820; he died about 1818. Issue. (9) 9. Mary Carpenter, b. Ap. 8, 1737. (10) 10. John Carpenter, b. Feb. 12, 1738, md. (1) Sarah Litter; (2) Lydia Lawton, Dec. 6, 1768. He died Mar. 21, 1822 at Rehoboth, Mass. Issue. (11) 11. Elizabeth Carpenter, b. Ap. 27, 1748; md. Sarah Taylor, Aug. 18, 1771; d. 1770. No children given. (12) 12. Jacob Carpenter, b. 1760, d. 1770. (13) 13. Chloe Carpenter, b. Mar. 30, 1746, d. July 23, 1767. (14) 14. Stephen Carpenter had: (1) 1. Elias Carpenter, b. May 25, 1760. Woodstock, Conn. No issue given. (2) 2. Gershom Carpenter had: (1) 1. Joseph Carpenter, b. May 6, 1761; md. May 1770 or 1771. Mary Rawson, of Thomas and Anna. Issue. (17) 17. Stephen Carpenter, b. 1762, went to North Carolina. No further mention. (18) 18. John Carpenter, b. about 1775. No further mention. (19) 19. Molly Carpenter, b. about 1775. (20) 20. Nancy Carpenter, b. Feb. 24, 1777. (21) 21. Hannah Carpenter, b. Oct. 17, 1760, at Providence, md. Moses Eddy, Ap. 6, 1791. Morristown. He died May 28, 1820. Issue. (22) 22. Martha Carpenter, b. Aug. 7, 1770, md. Wm. Jacobs, died 1802. (23) 23. Peter Carpenter had: (1) 1. Samuel Carpenter, b. May 7, 1760, md. Deborah Martin, Nov. 30, 1780. Issue. (2) 2. Rachel Carpenter, b. 1762, d. 1776. (3) 3. Ann Carpenter, b. Oct. 10, 1768, md. (1) Sarah Reed, dau. of Blincoe and Elizabeth; md. (2) Abigail Moore, of Dunsmoretown, Vt. He died at Brattleboro, Vt. Issue. (24) 24. Abel Carpenter, b. June 20, 1760, md. ——— Martin. Issue. (25) 25. Remember Carpenter, b. Ap. 1776, d. June 1778. (26) 26. Stephen Carpenter, md. Lavinia Mixer, Fitchburg, Mass. Issue. (27) 27. Benjamin Carpenter, b. Sept. 8, 1778, md. Polly Lincoln. Brattleboro. Issue. (28) 28. John Carpenter had ch., b. Providence. (29) 29. William Utter Carpenter, b. Aug. 25, 1780. Marlboro. No further mention. (30) 30. Lydia Carpenter, b. Oct. 20, 1781, md. James Brown, Ap. 20, 1818. Honescar. (31) 31. Joseph Carpenter had: (1) 1. William Carpenter, b. Oct. 8, 1771; md. Adeline. No further mention. (32) 32. Daniel, b. Oct. 28, 1773; md. Eunice Wood, Feb. 12, 1797. He died Aug. 4, 1850. Providence. Issue. (33) 33. Joseph Carpenter, b. 1775. Lived at Cincinnati, Ohio. No further mention. (34) 34. Stephen Carpenter, b. Aug. 18, 1778, Providence, md. Hannah Tait, d. Mich. 1854. Issue. (35) 35. George Carpenter, b. about 1780, probably married Charlotte East. No further mention. (36) 36. John Carpenter, md. Anna Arnold. No further mention. (37) 37. Henry Carpenter, md. Jennie at Dorset, Mass. Issue. (38) 38. Sally Carpenter, md. E. Tait. (39) 39. Nancy Carpenter, md. Alvin Carter, Barre, Vt. (40) 40. Hannah Carpenter, md. Calvin Spring. (41) 41. Hannah Carpenter, md. Moses Eddy. Had: Abby; Ann; Maria; Richard E. d. 1870, without issue; Moses; Hannah. (42) 42. Samuel Carpenter had: (1) 1. Dexter Carpenter, went to New York, and died 1835. (43) 43. Betsey Carpenter, b. about 1790. (44) 44. William Carpenter. (45) 45. Lydia Carpenter. (46) 46. Chloe Carpenter, b. about 1817. (47) 47. Asa Carpenter had: (1) 1. Simon R. Carpenter, b. 1803; married Autolucia Bergen, of New York City; d. Sept. 12, 1860. Issue. (48) 48. Monroe Carpenter. No further mention. (49) 49. Elizabeth Read Carpenter, lived at Lakeside, L. I. (50) 50. Frelove Carpenter, b. about 1785. (51) 51. Rachel Carpenter, b. May 29, 1784 in Seekonk; md. Nathaniel Kent. (52) 52. Hubbard Read Carpenter, went to Peru. (53) 53. Peter Carpenter went to Wisconsin. No further mention. (54) 54. Abel Carpenter had ch., b. Brattleboro. (55) 55. Gershom Carpenter, lived at

(56) 56. Samuel Carpenter, b. about 1785. (57) 57. Humphrey Carpenter, b. (58) 58. Gershom Carpenter. (59) 59. Nancy Carpenter. (60) 60. Palmer Carpenter. (61) 61. Polly Carpenter, md. John Knight. (62) 62. Nancy Carpenter, md. David Halliday. (63) 63. Martha Carpenter. (64) 64. Stephen had 10 children, b. Fitchburg. No further mention. John, Sylvia, Charles, Louisa, Versal, Roxann, Olive, Sylvia, Daniel, Laura. (65) 65. Benjamin Carpenter had ch., b. Worcester, Mass. Harvey, Lafayette, Huldah, Betsey, Windsor, Mary, Orinda, Charles, Jane, Ann, Elliot, Wells. (66) 66. Daniel Carpenter had: (1) 1. Maria Theresa Carpenter, b. 1797, d. 1798. (2) 2. Maria Theresa Carpenter, b. Mar. 25, 1799, md. Royal Chapin, of Providence, 1820. He b. Nov. 9, 1807; she d. Aug. 21, 1869. Issue. (3) 3. Daniel George Carpenter, b. Ap. 27, 1801; md. (1) Wally Thimble, b. Scagway, June 20, 1820; (2) Mary H. Moore, Dec. 27, 1832. He died Jan. 6, 1874. Issue. (4) 4. Charles Valentine Carpenter, b. Oct. 31, 1806; md. (1) Esther French; md. (2) Huldah F. Sherman. Issue. (5) 5. Clara Carolina Carpenter, md. Newell Lee, of Warwick, R. I. Farmer. (6) 6. Martha Ann Carpenter, b. Mar. 6, 1809; md. Wm. S. Merrill. He d. Feb. 26, 1891; she d. July 20, 1876. Issue. (7) 7. Eunice Carpenter, b. and d. 1804. (8) 8. Subint Carpenter. Adopted. (9) 9. Joseph Carpenter, b. Mar. 10, 1814, md. Ann Eliza Clark. He d. Aug. 14, 1881. Issue. (10) 10. Stephen Carpenter had: (1) 1. Eunice Carpenter, b. Sept. 1802, d. Mar. 1804, Mich. (2) 2. Oranus Carpenter, d. Ap. resided at Lapeer, Mich. Issue. (3) 3. Joseph Rawson Carpenter, b. Ap. 2, 1807, md. Julia Ann Howard, Nov. 26, 1820, d. May, 1839. Issue. (4) 4. Charlotte Carpenter, b. Feb. 4, 1804, md. Alva Hall, West Boylston, Mass. (5) 5. Charles A. Carpenter, b. Feb. 11, 1818, md. Persis Ames, of Worcester, Mich. (6) 6. Mary Carpenter, b. 1816, md. Tyler Howard, of California. (7) 7. Hannah Carpenter, b. 1817; md. (1) Ann Southgate, Earle, 1838, d. 1863. Md. (2) Eliza Wilson. Issue. (8) 8. Nancy Carpenter, b. June 26, 1820, md. Richard Myer, Greenville, Mich. (9) 9. Henrietta Carpenter, b. Ap. 1838, d. Feb. 1847. (10) 10. George Carpenter, b. Jan. 18, 1825. (11) 11. Henry Carpenter had: (1) 1. Henry Carpenter, b. 1792, d. July, 1841, ag. 49. Plainfield, Conn. (2) 2. Betsey Carpenter. (3) 3. David Carpenter. (4) 4. Laura Carpenter. (5) 5. Simon R. Carpenter had, b. at New Rochelle, N. Y. Sarah, Louisa, Henrietta, Asa, William, Elizabeth, Isabelle, Coriella, Hubbard, George W. Joseph. (6) 6. Gershom Carpenter had b. at Granby. (7) 7. Madeline Carpenter, b. May 10, 1821, md. John R. Perkins, Mar. 19, 1810, d. Sept. 3, 1818. Issue. (8) 8. Helen Louisa Carpenter, b. Sept. 7, 1833, md. George E. Hall, 1840, of Adams, Mass. Issue. (9) 9. Emma Adeline Carpenter, b. 1840, d. 1841. (10) 10. George D. Carpenter, b. Aug. 27, 1855, md. Mrs. Julia Martin, d. Oct. 26, 1891, at Lasalle, Ill. Had son Charles, b. 1839. (11) 11. Jennie Celeste Carpenter, b. 1850, md. Daniel K. Ogner, a farmer at Warrenton, Ill. (12) 12. Marcella Carpenter, b. 1833, md. Saml. F. Brookway, June 24, 1854. Has four daughters. (13) 13. Charles Franklin Carpenter, b. Feb. 21, 1838, Freeport, Ill. A railroad brakeman. (14) 14. Maria Theresa Carpenter, md. Royal Chapin, and had: (1) 1. Sarah Chapin, b. Uxbridge, 1822, d. 1824. (2) 2. Walter Chapin, b. and d. 1825. (3) 3. Infant son b. and d. 1827. (4) 4. Walter Bartlett Chapin, b. Providence, Aug. 28, 1819, d. Nov. 14, 1902. Issue. (5) 5. Sarah M. H. Chapin, b. 1833; md. Lewis T. Downes, of Conn., 1857. Issue. (6) 6. Charles V. Carpenter had: (1) 1. Julia Angelo Carpenter, b. 1827, d. Mar. 30, 1880; md. Mary Edwards, Ap. 26, 1852. Children daughters. (2) 2. Martha Ann Carpenter, md. Wm. Merrill. Children, b. Lowell, were: (3) 3. Martha Ann Merrill, b. Ap. 18, 1833, md. Rev. Wm. Hazen, of Northfield, Vt. (4) 4. William Merrill, b. 1839, d. 1867. (5) 5. Joseph Carpenter had, b. Providence. (6) 6. Sarah Hill Carpenter, b. July 3, 1818, md. William Rhodes Arnold, b. June 21, 1839. Children, 1. George Carpenter Arnold, b. 1802; 2. Sarah Arnold, died young; 3. Edith G. Arnold, died young; 4. William Rhodes Arnold, b. 1850. (7) 7. Alice Taylor Carpenter, b. Jan. 17, 1818, md. Albert Greene Utley, Oct. 17, 1860. Providence. Not in Directory. Issue. (8) 8. Anna Eliza Carpenter, b. Sept. 9, 1818, md. Wm. A. Spicer, Oct. 15, 1874. Issue. Providence. (9) 9. Oranus Carpenter had sons Stephen and Byron, of whom I find no further mention. (10) 10. Joseph B. Carpenter had. (11) 11. Charles Augustus Carpenter, b. Canada, Mar. 17, 1831; md. Helen Perkins, had son Harry. (12) 12. Algernon Sidney Carpenter, md. (1) Sarah Satter, 1855; (2) Jane M. Dodge, June 9, 1860. Had daughters. (13) 13. Albert Byron Carpenter, b. June 14, 1835, md. Ellen Robinson, of Leicester, Mass., had Jerry, Hattie, Byron, Arthur, b. 1833. (14) 14. Walter Scott Carpenter, b. 1850 Oxford, Mass. (15) 15. Mary Eldora Carpenter, b. 1839. Married and had daughters. (16) 16. Hannah Carpenter, md. A. S. Earle. Children: (17) 17. Stephen C. Earle, b. Jan. 4, 1839, md. Mary L. Brown. Issue. (18) 18. Hannah M. Earle, b. 1841, md. J. Nelson Voorhees. Issue. (19) 19. Edward T. Earle, b. 1843, md. Mary E. Benedict. Lived in Orion, Oakland Co., Mich. Had one child, Bertha May, b. 1872. (20) 20. Lucy A. Earle, b. 1817, md. Oct. 1867, Charles E. Benedict. Lived in Orono, Mich. (21) 21. George S. Earle, b. 1845, md. Sophia C. Fitters. Lived in Ellington, Thos. Co. Mich. Issue. (22) 22. Amos S. Earle, b. 1833, md. 1832, Lydia Frost. Lived in Oakland, Oakland Co. Mich. (23) 23. Marianne Carpenter, md. John R. Perkins. Children: (1) 1. Helen S. Perkins, b. 1841, md. Charles Carpenter, Whitestown, Mass. (2) 2. Sarah S. Perkins, b. 1845, md. Henry Darling, Stoughton, Mass. (3) 3. Helen Louisa md. George E. Hall. Children: (4) 4. George Hall, b. and d. 1841. (5) 5. Marianne Hall, d. y. (6) 6. Charles P. Hall, b. Feb. 27, 1845, Danvers, Ill. Married Julia M. Fairchild, 1870. A merchant at Dunstable, and Louis H. d. y. Gut b. 1876; Fred, b. 1878; Grace, b. 1877 d. 1878. (7) 7. Helen E. Hall, b. 1880, md. Dr. Edward L. Shepard, Egerton, Wis. (8) 8. Walter B. Chapin, had: (1) 1. Royal Chapin, b. 1838, d. Jan. 1892. (2) 2. Wm. Vasil Chapin, b. Dec. 31, 1831. (3) 3. Frederick W. Chapin, b. Aug. 1857. Lived, but Dr. Chapin of Providence does not know where. (4) 4. Maria B. Chapin, b. 1863, N. Kingstown. (5) 5. Walter W. Chapin. Died young. (6) 6. Eliza B. Chapin, d. y. (7) 7. Mary Chapin, md. Ap. 16, 1895, Chetwood Smith, of Poppleton, Ct. (8) 8. Sarah M. H. Chapin md. Lewis Downes. Children: (9) 9. Ellen Maria Downes, D. Y. (10) 10. Herbert C. Downes, d. y. (11) 11. Emma Willard Downes, b. 1881. (12) 12. Louis Willard Downes, b. Aug. 17, 1885 md. 1894, Mary L. Seagrave. Resides at 62 Angell St., Providence. (13) 13. Alice T. Carpenter, md. Albert G. Utley, and had: (14) 14. Alice C. Utley, b. 1863, md. Charles Under. (15) 15. Joseph Utley, d. y. (16) 16. Anna Spicer Utley, b. 1872, md. Howard D. Wilcox, 1894. (17) 17. Albert G. Utley, Jr., b. Oct. 4, 1878. (18) 18. Howard Harris Utley, b. Dec. 1, 1874. (19) 19. Mary Edwards Utley, b. Ap. 5, 1878. (20) 20. Harold Leander Utley, d. y. (21) 21. Anna Eliza Carpenter, md. Wm. A. Spicer. Children: (22) 22. George Thureton Spicer, b. 1874, graduated Brown University, 1896. (23) 23. Joseph C. Spicer, d. y. (24) 24. Anna C. Spicer, b. May 10, 1877. (25) 25. Aha A. Spicer, b. 1880. (26) 26. Wm. A. Spicer, Jr., Oct. 5, 1881. (27) 27. Edward Spicer, b. Ap. 21, 1887. (28) 28. Mary A. Spicer, b. June 1, 1889. (29) 29. Stephen C. Earle (architect, Worcester) had: (30) 30. Charles B. Earle, b. 1871. (31) 31. Ralph Earle, b. 1874. U. S. Naval Officer. (32) 32. Richard B. Earle, b. May 29, 1876. (33) 33. Ruth S. Earle, b. Dec. 17, 1882. (34) 34. Hannah M. Earle, md. Nelson Voorhees. Children: (35) 35. Chester, R. Voorhees, b. 1897. (36) 36. Amos E. Voorhees. (37) 37. George S. Earle had: (38) 38. Edna M. Earle, b. 1870. (39) 39. Jed W. Earle, b. 1873. (40) 40. William C. Earle, b. 1878. (41) 41. Lucy Earle, md. Charles E. Benedict. Children: (42) 42. Helen M. Benedict, b. 1868. (43) 43. Eva Benedict, b. Aug. 4, 1870, D. Y. (44) 44. Edna M. Benedict, b. 1871. (45) 45. Lulu Benedict, b. July 18, 1875. (46) 46. Ada Benedict, b. 1876. (47) 47. Thomas Earle Benedict, b. Sept. 28, 1878. References, Carpenter, Earle Genealogies; original deeds etc., Prov.—E. M. T.

Where Is It?

On the floor, underneath that pile of papers, or shut up in the desk perhaps, at any rate not in sight and you're ready to settle down for an evening's read. Your case? Then why don't you get

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TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Copy for the March issue of our directory will close on Feb. 1, 1909. Subscribers desiring any change or correction of their listing are requested to give us notice prior to that date. This is a favorable time to subscribe for service.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

TO SAVE OUR FORESTS

Favorable Report on the White Mountain Reservation Bill

Washington, Jan. 27.—Advocates of the forest reserves in the White mountains of New England and the Appalachian mountains of the southern states consider that they won a significant victory when the house committee on agriculture, by a vote of 9 to 3, agreed to make a favorable report to the house on the Weeks bill, having the creation of these reserves in view.

The bill authorizes the secretary of agriculture, for the protection of water sheds of navigable streams, to administer and protect for a term of years private forest lands upon any water shed "whereon lands may be permanently reserved, held or administered as national forest lands."

M'KINLEY'S BIRTHDAY

Not Forgotten by Friends of Martyr President in Washington

Washington, Jan. 29.—The birthday of William McKinley, late president of the United States, which occurs today, will be remembered with appropriate exercises by the patriotic societies of the national capital. Mr. McKinley was born Jan. 29, 1843.

Next Sunday evening a memorial sermon on "William McKinley, the Man, the Soldier, the Citizen, President and Christian," will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Woodrow in the First Congregational church. Many of the attendants at today's exercises will hear the sermon.

A HALF MILLION DOLLAR INHERITANCE

Grows to Over Twelve Times Its Original Amount

Boston, Jan. 27.—The appraisers of the estate of the late George F. Parkman, who left the bulk of his property to the City of Boston for parks and grounds, has issued a statement in which they declare the estate to be worth \$8,046,571.49.

Parkman started with a legacy of \$500,000 fifty-seven years ago and almost exclusively through the handling of mortgages increased his fortune to over \$8,000,000. His interest rates had varied from 3 1/2 percent to 6 percent during the fifty-seven years.

NUMEROUS EMPTY CAVERNS

Anthracite Coal Supply Will Be Exhausted in Eighty-Five Years

Indianapolis, Jan. 26.—According to Professor Griffiths, mining expert and geologist, who is here attending the miners' convention, the supply of anthracite coal will be exhausted in eighty-five years. The production has been averaging just under 30,000,000 tons a year for several years.

Already much territory is entirely mined out and the empty caverns are so numerous and great now that it is possible for people to walk thirty or more miles under the surface of the earth in mine passages.

Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

A Wedding Decoration.

Whether it was a mistake or a joke or simply an example of bad taste is a question that is still puzzling most of the passengers. But no matter about that. It certainly was a floral masterpiece. Full four feet it stood from the ground, in the form of a cross. Roses white and roses red composed the body of the cross, and dainty white blossoms and green leaves formed the trimmings. In the center the word "Peace" was spelled out in ribbons.

Everybody in the car admired the offering, and when the boy set it down on the floor all leaned forward to examine it more closely. At length one old gentleman stood up and readjusted his glasses in order to get a better look at it.

"That is a mighty pretty posy you've got there," he said. "Who, may I ask, is that?"

"The boy picked."

"Nobody 't I know of," he said. "This ain't for a funeral; it's for a wedding."

The old gentleman sat down heavily.

"Good Lord!" he said. "What idiot ever ordered 'Peace' inscribed on a wedding decoration?"

The rest of the passengers smiled, and many of them, being married, wondered as well, but nobody ventured an explanation.—New York Times.

Going to The INAUGURATION

Do not miss the impressive pageant at Washington on March 4th. It is worth traveling a good many miles to join the cheering throngs that acclaim the new President—to see the solemn and civic bodies in procession—to hear the stirring music of countless bands.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME FOX.	W. W. Fox, Jr.

Also a large assortment of "JOKE" books.

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DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 21st, 1909.

Estate of Rebecca S. Bacheller. AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Rebecca S. Bacheller, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the eighth day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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"Wrong again. A true bohemian is a man who invites himself to lunch with you and then borrows a dollar."

Coro—She has such keen perceptions. Dora—And such a blunt way of conveying them.—Puck.

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The undersigned

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August 6, and each

succeeding Thursday

until further notice,

between the hours of

10 a. m. and 4 p. m.,

to grant operators' li-

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